Rosary of Hymns

Selected Poems of SURDAS

Translated by
JAIKISHANDAS SADANI

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(Translator's Dedication)

SŪRDĀS AND KRISHNA

Dr. PRABHĀKAR MĀCHWE

"SŪR SŪR, TULSĪ SASĪ......" In Hindi it is a common saying that Sūrdās was the 'Sun of Hindi poetry. Sūrdās needs no introduction to any Hindi reader. Already thousands of pages have been written and published in Hindi about his life, work and poetic art, his devotion and his music. I dare not add any more as I do not claim any specialised scholarship in this field. But there is very little material available in English. At the insistence of my friend Sadani, I am venturing to write these lines. These prefactory words are by a path-finder, a seeker of light.

Jaikishandas Sadani and I worked together in Calcutta, for three years, co-editing two volumes on 'Indian Culture' in English and Hindi. I was deeply impressed by his love of learning and the arts. He is a Calcutta businessman, an old student of St. Xaviers, Bombay and he belongs to both Gujarat and Rajasthan. He has written poetry in Hindi, and philosophy is his passion. His paper on "Indian images in English poetry" was presented at an International Seminar on "India and World Literature" at Delhi, and was widely acclaimed by scholars and critics. He has worked for years, with single-minded perseverence and devotion, for the Bhāratiya Samskriti Samsad, a cultural organisation in Calcutta. His love for music and painting is not confined to mere listening and visiting galleries, but he himself paints and sings. His taste is catholic, though the sublime is more beautiful in his eyes. Hence he was attracted towards these two great poets – Jaishankar 'Prasād' and Mahākavi Sūrdās.

Sadani has done yeoman service to Hindi literature by translating two immortal works of the modern poet, Jaishankar 'Prasād' (1889 – 1937) into English: *KĀMĀYANĪ* and *ĀNSU*. He has established his reputation as an excellent verse-to-verse translator by first tackling the most difficult

reflective epic *Kāmāyanī*. It was highly appreciated by many scholars of English and Hindi and connoisseurs of poetry in India and abroad. His love for poetry and his desire to communicate his joy to alien readers was further challenged by another great lyricist and one of the most distinguished devotional poets, Sūrdās, who belonged to the sixteenth century. This time his task was trebly difficult. Sūrdās wrote in 'Brajabhāshā', and not in modern standard 'Kharībolī' Hindi; his work is full of allusions to Bhāgawata and other Purānās; his lyrics are full of musical alliterations and have a delicacy of poetic expression which makes them very difficult to render in any other cognate Indian language, let alone a language like English, which has an Anglo-Saxon cultural background. But as the readers will judge for themselves, he has surpassed all these hurdles, and the English translation of Sūrdās is now like the original Sūrdās. No mean achievement, this, line to line. word to word! The translator has taken meticulous care to keep the original spirit and beauty intact, undiminished and equally effective. A mircale has been realized. Sadani has created a universe of reference, through his suggestive images and appropriate phraseology. Words are insufficient to commend it as an artistic feat, done deftly with dedication and devotion.

KRISHNA

Before we turn to Sūrdās and his poetry, let us first get to Krishna – the historical or legendary mythological hero and subject of Shrimad Bhāgawat, Krishna, the dear son of Yasodā and the playmate of the Gopas (milkmen) and Gopis (milkmaids, companions and devotees of Krishna), the wrestler and rebutten of Kansa's dirty plots and traps; the sender of messages through Udho. The friend and guide of Arjuna; the cause of the victory of the Pāndavās in the Mahābhārata; the preceptor of the Geeta and so on. Due to these multifaceted dimensions of his attractive and dynamic personality, Krishna remained the main theme of many immortal epics and lyric-sequences; the pivot of many folk-dance dramas, the centre of *Rāsa* and similar dances; the sole subject of innumerable songs and sculptures, the hero of at least a hundred novels and plays in Sanskrit and in Indian languages, and an eternal Indian inspiration for centuries and millenia to come.

Krishna, the name, is etymologically based on the Sanskrit root

'attraction'. In the Hindu pantheon, he is the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, described as the perfect Incarnation (*PURNĀVATĀRA*). In the *Harivansha* Krishna declares his desire not to occupy the throne, after killing Kansa, the cruel king of Mathura, yet he commits this regicide as a part of his pious duty. Krishna was the leader of the two guild-states of Andhaka and Vrishni. His first wife was Rukmini and later so say the Puranās, he had many queens like Jāmbavati and Satyabhāmā. Krishna met the Pāndavās at the time of Draupadi's *swayamvara*[1], Krishna's sister, Subhadrā was later married to Arjuna. The *Mahabharata* portrays Krishna as a statesman and strategist, the main composer of the Song Divine (Gītā). According to Shrimad Bhāgawat, Krishna was 125 years old when he left his mortal body at Prabhāsa. But other scholares hold the view that Krishna was five years older than Arjuna and so he may have lived for 106 years. Some scholars think, Krishnas was born in 3185 B.C. and died in 3065 B.C. These dates are calculated by astrological references in the *Mahābhārata* by C. V. Vaidya and Dāji Nāgesh Apte.

Krishna was a remarkably handsome hero. He was also an exceptionally brilliant king. Arjuna describes him in the *Mahābhārata* as "one who could do anything and everything." (*Ādiparva* 225.31). He was not only a wonderful flutist, but was also a champion in handling the mace and the bow and arrow. He was very self-confident and was ready to fight injustice at any cost. He had so much patience and valour that he fought Jarāsandha and Kālayavana, simultaneously. He was an outstanding organizer and he brought all the Yādavas under one banner. It was due to their internicine warring nature that they were destroyed, as Gāndhārī's[2] curse came true. Krishna was an ideal child, ideal son, ideal brother, ideal lover, ideal friend, ideal charioteer and ideal philosopher-king.

Historians have found many other persons with the same name. In the Rigveda (the oldest and chief Veda), there is a Rishi or a seer named Krishna (8th Mandal, 74th Sukta); an Anarya leader, who had 10,000 soldiers and who fought Indra on the banks of Anshumatī was also called

[1]*Swayamvara:* Is an important function in which bride selects a husband of her choice from amongst the congregation of suitors who are invited by her father. e.g. Draupadi selected Arujna; Sita selected Rama.

[2]*Gandhari:* Gandhari was wife of Dhritrarashtra, the blind king. In the agony of the death of all her 100 children, in Mahabharata war, she cursed Krishna that all his children would die fighting among themselves.

Krishna; The *Kaushītakī Brāhman* refers to another in the line of Angirasa, named Krishna (30.9); there is a Krishna Hārit in *Aitereya Brāhman* (3.2.6). But the Krishna described as the disciple of Angirasa *Rishi* (Vedic sage) the son of Devakī referred to in *Chhāndogyopanishada* (3.17.4.6), and the one described in the *Mahābhārata* as the disciple of Gargya and Sandipani and also the son of Devakī, seem to be one. There are, in fact, many similar passages and ideas in the *Chhāndogya* and *Gītā*.

In the *Bhāgawata* there is the third Krishna who seems to be the object of attraction for the cow-maids. The *Purāṇas* have described him as a naughty flute – playing Peter Pan. Some scholars like S. K. Dey and Bhāndārkar, think that this romantic deity and the wise one who propounded the Gītā are two persons. But on closer examination this theory does not seem to be tenable. The *Mahābhārata* describes the latter part of Krishna's life, so there is no reference to his early exploits. The *Harivansha* clearly states that it is a supplement to the *Mahābhārata* and includes whatever was left out by it. In fact, in the *Mahābhārata* at the time of the Rājasūya[3] sacrifice by *Yudhishthira*, Shishupāl denegrates and derides Krishna by using the epithets as *Pashupāl* and cowherd. Krishna is also mentioned in the *Mahābhārata* as *GOPI-JANA-VALLABHA* (Dear to the heart of cow-maids).

In the Buddhist *Jātak* Kathās (stories of the Buddha's previous births), in the *Ghata Jātak* Vāsudeva is called *KANHA* and Devaki *Devagarhbā*. Their children were brought up by Nanda-Gopa, the *Jātak* says. They also refer to the family as *Andhaka Venha* (Andhaka and Vrishṇī), Jains in their *Uttarādhyayana-Sūtra* also refer to 'Kansa being killed by 'Vāmdeva'. From Pātanjali's *Mahābhāshya*, it is proved that Vāsudeva-Krishna and Krishna, the killer of Kansa are one.

Critics have questioned whether the amorous Krishna, playing hide-and-seek with cow-maids, and Krishna the philosopher of the Gītā, the warriors' counsel, are two different characters. C.V. Vaidya has examined this issue and clearly stated that the *Mahābhārata* does not depict at any time that love between Krishna and the Gopis was anything sinful or illicit. Had Krishna been just a romantic girl-chasing hero, how can one explain (1) his fight with the wrestlers Mushtik and Chānur sent by Kanśa, (2) his

[3] *Rājsasuya Yajna:* A sacrifice performed by a universal monarch at the time of his coronation as a mark of his undisputed soverignity.

controlling the fierce dragon Kaliya, (3) his being remembered by Draupadī at the time of her being disrobed, (4) the volley of abuses showered on him by his enemy Sishupāla at no place mentions anything immoral or adulterous about him, (5) if he was so attracted to women he would not have left Gokul for good and never returned, (6) Krishna was much younger than Rādhā or the other cow-maids and this rules out carnal love.

RĀDHĀ

The fact of the matter is that the Yādava society in those days enjoyed a mixed dance called *RĀSA*. The *Bhāgawata* describes one such dance – *Harivansha* also describes it in detail. Krishna was a master of many arts like music and dance. The poets added their own imagination to this legendary event and Jaideva in the twelvth century in his *Gīta Govinda* and Sūrdās in the sixteenth, Eknatha in Mahārashtra and Premānand in Gujarat elaborated these Rādha-Krishna and Krishna-Gopi episodes and included many medieval sagas and folk songs in their poetic mosaic.

Hazāriprasād Dwivedī opined that the two aspects of Krishna, the warrior and the saviour on the one hand; and the lover and the playmate on the other are actually the superimposition of a new picture on the old one. The devotional poets have tried to reconcile the two – the heroic and the erotic into one synthesis. In the *Buddha Charita* of Ashwaghosh dated first century A.D., the pranks of Krishna's childhood are referred to for the first time – *Gāthāsaptashati* of Hala is of the same time, wherein there are many *Gāthās* about Krishna, Rādhā, Gopi, for example

– (2:12) "Bāl Damodar is very young. He is very young" said Yashodā. The young Gopis laughed, looking at Krishna.

– (2.14) Due to dancing, the Gopis perspired. On their wet cheeks Krishna's image was reflected. A clever Gopi was standing behind. She came and kissed these Gopis, apparently to wipe away the beads of perspiration, but in fact, they kissed Krishna's face.

The *Gāthā* in Prākrita does not indicate any spiritual devotion. But the *Alwāra* saint poets of Tamilnadu (from 5th to 9th Century) describe the Krishna-Leelā with deep spiritual fervour. In Periyālvāra (8th century)

Yashodā the mother says:

"Krishna kicks the cradle and makes it loose.
If I take him in the lap, he tires me out.
If I take him close to the breast he jumps away.
O maid, I cannot control him, his pranks try out my patience."

Āndāl (8th century), the Tamil Mirābai, identifies herself with the cow-maids. She sings of *Nappinai*, an imaginary prototype of the later day Rādhā of the epics. In Tamilnadu the oldest Mahābalipuram sculptures depict him as a child and not a youth.

In the nineth century, Ānandavardhana's classic *Dhwanyāloka* quotes two shlokās about the sweet love between Rādhā and Krishna. By the tenth century in Sanskrit, a poetic work named *KAVĪNDRA-VACHANA-SAMUCHCHAYA* describes Krishna, as a human-all-too-human deity, who is Yashodā's dear son, the friend of cow-herds the loved one of cow-maids and the only point of supreme devotion for Rādhā. By the twelvth century Krishna, the benign, the affectionate, the emotionally surcharged man-turned-god became the supreme object of worship for Vaishṇavās. Lilāshuka wrote *Krishnakarnāmrita-Stotra*, Ishwarpuri *Shri Krishna-Līlāmrita* and Jaideva followed. Bhakti had reached its acme in *MĀDHURAYA-BHĀVA*. Bopdeva's *Harililā* in the thirteenth century and *Vedānta-Deshika's Yadavabhudaya* in the fourteenth century, spread the Krishna-lore all over India through Sanskrit compositions, and through many vernaculars like Maithili (Vidyāpati) or Marathi (Tukāram) and *Madhavāchārya's Krishna Mangala* Kāvyās in Bengali. It is necessary to know the Vaishnava Pushti Mārga philosphical background before we come to Sūrdās and his poetic excellence. Its earliest exposition is in the *Vishnu Purāna* supposed to have been composed from the third to the fifth century. It is according to Dr. R.C. Hāzrā, the least interpolated Purāna. In its sixth Chapter, Vishṇu is described as "The creator, preserver and the annihilator of this universe. He is transcendental and immanent. He is the word and its meaning (6.5.69)." "He is the knowledge and the non-knowledge. He is the entrance and exit" (6.5.78). "All beings dwell in Him and He dwells in all beings (6.5.80). This God has four aspects – he

is the Brahma[4], he is *Māricha*[5] and *Prajāpati*[6], he is *Kāla*[7] and he is in every living creature. Hence his four hands symbolize omnipotence, omnibenevolence, protection to all and non-fear (Abhaya) for all. The conchshell is the individual, the wheel is the family, the mace is the nation, the lotus is the world.

In Vaishṇava philosophy, the most crucial point is the soul ascending to the Over-soul and then the incarnation itself by descending again into this world. The soul has three forms – Pure, Worldly and Free (Shuddha, Sansāri, Mukta). The Pure form of the soul is like a spark. It is eternal and unchanging. As soon as this spark-like soul comes into contact with this world, it becomes qualified. All the six qualities of glory, valour, fame, wealth, knowledge and detatchment become powerless. *Avidyā* operates in these five forms and the soul experience Angst-deep pain-without any reason. Knowledge and devotion both are overclouded by Maya. Here divine Grace (*Pushti*) is imperative. There are four kinds of such Grace – *Shuddhapushta, Pushtipushta, Maryādāpushta* and *Pravāhapushata* – (Pure, supported by grace, limited grace, grace in the flow).

The Vaishnava Pushti Marga was propounded by Vallabhāchārya (1479 – 1531), the Telugu Brāhmin from Āndhrā, of Somayaji family. His father Lakshman Bhatt completed his philosophical training in Benaras in 1489 and started his pilgrimage to Tirupati but died on the way. Vallabha was only 12 years old. The child started his all-India tours from 1492 on foot for five years. Suddenly he had a desire to go to Brajabhūmi. While wandering in Brindāvan, he saw the entire Krishna-Leelā (play), physically realised before his mortal eyes. So he became a changed person. From a learned scholar, he was transformed into a poet, with tears in his eyes. For four months, he stayed there and recited Shrimad Bhāgawata on Govindaghāt. In his second nationwide tour from 1498 to 1502, he met Saddu Pānde, Rāmdās Chauhān, Kumbhandāsa and others. He went on

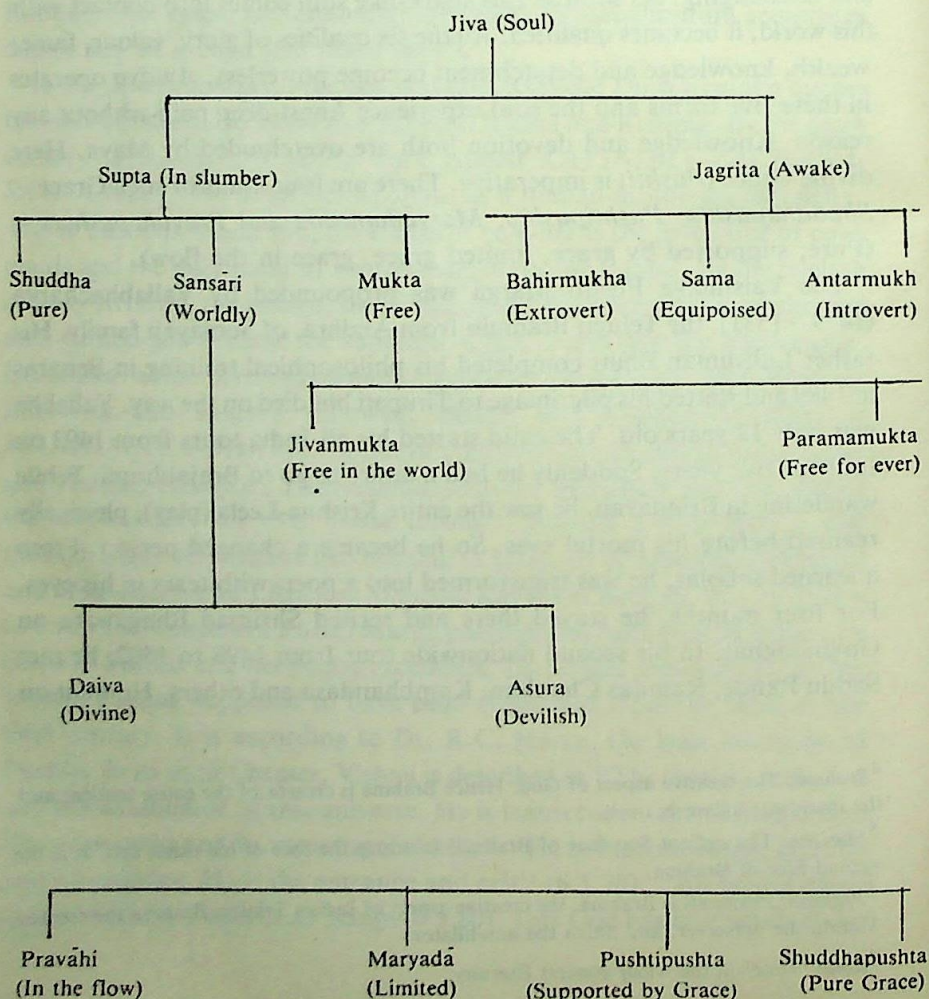
[4]*Brahmā:* The creative aspect of God. Hence Brahma is creator of the entire sentient and the insentient universe.

[5]*Maricha:* The radiant Sun-face of Brahma. It is also the face of his eldest son. It is the second face of Brahma.

[6]*Prajapti:* Prajapati is Brahma, the creative aspect of Indian Trinity. Brahmā the creator Vishnu the preserver, and Shiva the annihilator.

[7]*Kālā:* 'Time' in the wider context Eternity.

the third pilgrimage in 1502 and completed it after seven years. He built the famous Shrināth Mandir at Govardhan. He went to Benaras and wrote *Patrāvalambana* and defeated pundits of Shaivism and Shaktism. He went up to Vijayanagar and returned to Govardhan. Here he met Sūrdās and Krishnadās and other disciples.

Vallabhāchārya's Pushti-Mārga envisages the soul in these different forms:

PROBLEMS OF SŪRDĀS'S LIFE

With this elementary acquaintance with the Pushtimārga of the Vallabha school, we come to Krishna and poetry about him in Hindi. In the sixteenth century, devotion to Krishna spread all over north-India. The basis was no doubt Shrimad Bhāgawat but now the life and deeds of Krishna were sung in various dialects in the north. In the fifteenth century Vidyāpati in Maithili, composed delicate and sweet lyrics on the theme of the love between Rādhā and Krishna, on the model of Jaideva, and the entire east echoed with the meeting and parting of Krishna with Radha against the backdrop of nature, particularly as imagined in Brindāvan. Some of these descriptions became mannerism-ridden, stylized and stuccato as in many of the paintings in Gujarat, Kangra and Rajasthani miniatures.

Sūrdās is an enigma and a miracle. Very little is known about his life. Everyone knows that he is the composer of *Sūrsāgar*, which has thousands of *padās*. No authorised fully edited version is available. The task of preparing such an edition based on collations was assigned to Dr. Matāprasād Gupta by the K.E.M. Institute. He could not complete it in his life time. Dr Vidyānivās Mishra then took it up. The government has spent a substantial amount of money of this project, but no final result is yet at hand. One has to rely on the old *Sūrsāgar* edited by Nandadulāre Vājpeyi, published by Nāgari Prachārini Sabhā, Vārānāsi.

Sadani has very carefully selected a hundred and more lyrics – some drops from the ocean – and has tried to render them in English to give an idea of Sūrdās's virtuosity and wide range of inner vision and poetic dexterity.

Everything about this great poet, in spite of the efforts of many distinguished literary critics and researchers in Hindi, like Mishra-Bhandhu, Rām Chandra Shukla, Nandadulāre Vājpeyi, Hazārī Prasād Dwivedī, Matāprasād Gupta, Brajeshwar Varmā, Harivanshlāl Sharmā and Munshirām Sharmā, continues to remain a mystery: where he was born, what was his parentage, who was his guru, whether he was blind at birth or became a victim a some disease later and lost his eyesight, how he composed so many beautiful sonorous lyrics, who wrote them down and complied them, how did he describe all colours and scenes in such an exact manner, how despite being lonely and without any family, he experienced and relived the experiences of a house-holder – the affection of the mother for the child, the playful intimacy amongst adolescents, the unabated passion of a lover for a beloved, the pangs for the dear departed, the unmitigated and unpolluted devotion (AVYABHICHARI

BHAKTI) and the concentrated attention of a spiritual seeker for the Absolute incarnated are unsolved problems which defy all the psychologists, sociologists, literary historians and pundits of poetry put together.

Homer, the Greek epic poet; Milton, the English classic composer of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*; Sūrdās, the Brajbhāshā saint and sublime singer; Bhim Bhoyee, the Oriya mendicant and mystic; Gulābrao Mahārāj, the modern Marathi metaphysical devotee are a class by themselves. Their similarity lies in the fact that they lacked what we call physical vision. They were all blind to worldly worries and the worsening world and the wretched rat-race. Their 'inner eye' had seen the Eye[8]. Optical evidence or the *chakshush-Pratyaksha* was not their problem, the illusory reality and the mirage of appearance was not their concern. They had seen the multi-splendoured 'dome of reality', beyond light-and-shade and the circumspect spectrum. They were the real seers, the gifted persons 'who had reached' (*Pahuncheihuye log*) as the Hindi idiom aptly describes them. It seems that poetry for them was not mere pleasure, or a luxurious exercise in leisure. It was the perennial prayer, the outpouring of the finite for the Infinite, the real passage through the tunnel the pain without even a pencil of light at the penultimate end. This was penitence and being at one with the Ultimate and the Undescribable, the brightest Bliss and Beatitude (*Avigat gati Kachhu khat na āye.....*).

Sūrdās's biographical details are shrouded in greater mystery because there were many poets and blind singers who called themselves Sūrdās. One can only conclude that he was composer of Sūrsāgar as he was the best known and was the principal poet amongst the *Ashtachhāp* – poetic group founded by Vitthalnāth. Scholars made some conjectures about the date of his birth on the basis of *Sahitya-Lahari* and *Sūrsāgar Sarasvati,* and for long, it was believed that he was born in 1483 A.D. But this surmise was totally rejected, as Sūrdās was ten days younger to Sri Vallabhacharya – as commonly believed by Pushtimārga followers and the year was fixed as 1478 A.D. by Dr. Mataprasād Gupta. On the basis of Bhāvaprakāsh a commentary on *Chaurasi Vaishnavan Kī Vārtā* and Yadunāth's Vallabha Digvijaya, Priyadās's commentary on *Nabhādās's Bhaktamāl,* Kavi Mānsingh's *Bhakta Vinoda,* Dhruvadās's *Bhaktanāmāvalī* and Nāgaridās's *Padaprasangamāla,* some stories and legends about his life are gathered, but scholars do not attach much

[8]*Eye:* Their inner eye had seen the 'EYE'. It refers to the divine Eye that beholds the entire creation. It is divine insight which can behold everything both within and without.

imporantce to these popular conjectures. Chaurasī *Vaishnavan Ki Vārtā* mentions that Sūrdās met Emperor Akbar. But Mughal historians do not mention Sūrdās, or Tulsidās in contemporary records. *Aain-e-Akbari Munshiyate Abul Fazel* or *Muntakkavuttavarikh* do mention two persons named Surdas, but one of them was the son of the singer Rāmdās and the other lived in Banaras.

Collecting all these threads, a picture emerges of an extremely poor Sāraswat Brāhmin born in Seehi, a village near Delhi. He had three elder brothers. He was blind from birth. He had miraculous powers of soothsaying, revealed at the young age of six. He left his family and stayed near a pond eight miles away. His reputation as an astrologer and musician spread far and wide. He was called a 'Master' (Swami) and had many disciples. At the age of eighteen, he left and went to Vishrām-ghāt in Mathurā.

The most thorny problem is regarding the Guru or preceptor of Sūrdās. It is commonly by believed that in 1509 A.D. Sūrdās was initiated at Gaughāt by Mahāprabhu Vallabhāchārya. When they met, Sūrdās was 41 years old and it is recorded that while Sūrdās sang songs of supplication, Vallabhāchārya admonished him by saying – "why do you cringingly utter these pitiable words?" (KĀHE GHIGHIYĀT HO?). But where did Sūrdās obtain his wisdom in philosophy, poetry and music? Different answers are suggested. Dr. Satyandra in his Hindi article on 'Sūrdās: The Problem of the Guru' suggests that as Sūrdās does not sing a single song in praise of Vallabhāchārya or Goswāmi Vittaldās, and as he was called 'Swāmi' in the beginning (Vallabhāchārya's followers are called 'Goswāmi') he took this title from the tradition in which Rādhā, the consort of Krishna was called Swāminī by Chaitanya and Rūpa Goswāmi.

To quote from p. 808 the introduction to *Anubhāshya* by M.T. Teliwala –

> "During his stay at Jagannāth Vitthaleshwar came in contact with the immediate followers of Chaitanya, living there. It is possible that the composition of *Swāminīya Ashtaka* and *Swāminī-stotra* date from this date, or their composition may be due to the direct and indirect influences of Chaitanyaite saints. There is no stotra or writing of Vallabhāchārya to our knowledge where Rādhā is extolled in the strain in which Vitthaleshwara has done. The conclusion of *Anu Bhāshya*

where *'Navneeta Priya'* and *'Govardhandhar'* only are remembered, would show that Vitthaleshwara in his later times had completely freed himself from Chaitanya influences."

Sūrdās, on the contrary, gives equal importance to Krishna and Rādhā (the *Ahlādinī Shakti* of Chaitanya and Rūpa Goswami) as Purusha and Prakriti:-

Brajahi base āpuhi bisarāyau
Prakriti Purush Ekahi Kar jānahu bātani bhed Karāyau

He also maintained that "Rādha and Hari are half parts of the same body; in Braja both have incarnated themselves". Even at his death-bed Surdas sang of Kunwar Rādhikā. But Vallabhāchārya had only given prominence to Gokula. Vallabhāchārya sang *Bāl-līla*, and his worshipping rites have no place for Gopis.

It is also surmised that there may be interpolations in the work of Surdas and Chunnilal 'Shesh' and Sambhu Prasād Bahugunā think that the *padās* about Rādhā are not composed by the original Sūrdās, the disciple of Vallabhāchārya.

Many people think that the seeds of music and devotion were already there in the soul of Sūrdās which flowered at the appropriate moment. So Sūrdās was self-taught, both in Bhakti and music. Yet there are three points of contention discussed threadbare by scholars:

(1) the caste of Sūrdās
(2) the blindness of Sūrdās
(3) Authorship of other works besides 'Sursāgar'.

With reference to a *pada* in *Sahitya Lahari*, Sūrdās was considered a Bhatta or Brahmabhatta. Bhāratendu Harischandra also opined that Sūrdās belonged to the caste of Chanda Bardāi, the first ballad singer of Dingal. But later the Pushti-Māргis thought that he was not a Chārana (ballad singer) but a Sāraswat Brāhmin. Gosai Harihar in his *Vārtā* calls him so. Dr. Munshirām Sharmā tries to prove him to be a Brahmabhatta. From internal evidence of his poetic compositions there is no corroboration of his brāhminhood; on the contrary he criticizes Brāhmins and their greed. In fact, he did not belong to any caste. He had renounced his caste to become a Hari-Bhakta (devotee of God).

His blindness is variously attributed to birth, illness in childhood,.

accident, blinding himself as Bilvamangal[9] he was infatuated with a pretty dancing girl, or any later event. In the Chaurasi Vārtā, there is no reference to his blindness except when he meets Akbar. There are seven or eight *padās* in *Sūrsāgar* alleging and alluding to his handicapped vision and disability, his falling in a well and Krishna trying to help him out and the famous couplet – "You are leaving my hand, but how can you desert my heart?" Lord Krishna gave him temporary vision but he again granted him the boon of blindness. Nabhādās call him a person with 'divine sight' because of the manner in which he describes in detail the colours of flora and fauna and the beauty of different characters. A Painter-poet like Dr. Jagdish Gupta thinks that he must have had normal vision in his childhood and got blind in his youth. So he remembered the colourful images of his adolescense. Maybe he lost his vision at a ripe age. Nothing can be said with certitude.

About his other works, besides *Sursagar* two other compositions *Sāhitya Lahari* and *Sūrsāgar Saraswati* are also attributed to him. But many scholars deny its authenticity. Some think that Sūrdās composed these incidents in Krishna's life piecemeal, as separate *Khanda-Kāvyās: Nāg Lilā, Govardhan Lilā, Bhramara Gīta* and so on. *Sūrpachisī* is also available in *dohās*[10]. There is a manuscript called *Vyāhalo*! But all these may be later day additions by other Sūrdāses. An authentic concurrence and a final edition of *Sūrsāgar* is still awaited.

SURDAS'S POETRY

After all this discussion of Surdas's life and work, it is important to evaluate his poetic skill. The following points emerge from a re-reading of his lyrics.

Sūrdās is a poet who deals with the eternal love between the enternal woman (Goethe's Das Ewig Weibliche of Faust) and eternal perfect Man (Pūrṇa Purusha). In the Purāṇās, it is said that *Kāli* had obtained a boon from Shiva that she would be born as Jagadambā and he would be re-

[9] *Bilvamangal:* The poet blinded himself in penetance and in self-remorse, for his sinful life with a dancing woman.

[10] *Dohā:* A prosodial form or Syllabic instants. 1st and 3rd line have 13, 13 instants and 2nd and 4th line have 11, 11 instants, according to Indian prosody. The unit 'instant' being the time required to pronounce a short vowel.

born as Jagadishwara Krishna. She is ever-charming, ever enlightening, indeed 'a thing of beauty and joy for ever.' She is 'A phantom of delight' as Wordsworth would have described her. She is not the 'frailty' of Shakespeare and 'God's second mistake' of Neitzsche. She is not only an erotic object of sensuous excitement as one finds her in later day Sanskrit and Brajbhāshā poetry of the court-poets, she is also mother (Yashodā), sister (Subhadrā and Draupadī), friend and dance-partner (Gopīs) and the beloved *par excellence* (Rādhā). She is attachment and detatchment at the same time and place, a simultaneous subject of stimulii and an object of response. Sūrdās has given a detailed description of women in love and women in separation.

Love, for Sūrdas is not a mere emotional mood. It is not only physical, but methaphysical. Hence all the three aspects of *Rati-Bhāva*[11]: Vātsalya (Affection of the elderly for the young), Sakhya (friendship between equals and Bhakti (Devotion of the young for the old, 'the moth for the star', the lowly for the high, the devotee for the Divine) are all exquisitely drawn and painted, sculpted with poise and sung in wonderful variations of musical modes and tones. Love for nature is equally important for him as a human loving nature.

Sūrdās was not a Sanskrit scholar, but he had heard his Shrimad Bhāgawata with deep attention. One finds in him not merely an imitative repetition or tiresome translation of the original, but many innovations as well which show both his ingenuity as well as an understanding of his *milieu.* Dr. Ramesh Chandra Singh has found certain interesting addtions by Sūrdās to the tenth canto of the Bhāgawata narrative. The first is with regard to Shridhar Brāhmin's story – when Putana is killed, Kansa sends a Brāhmin to Yashodā's house to kill Krishna. Yashodā goes to the Jamunā to fetch water. While Shridhar wants to kill young Krishna in Yashodā's absence, Krishna knowing that killing a Brāhmin is a sin, acts in such a way that the tongue of this deceitful emissary is twisted. He also breaks his pitcher full of curds and applies some on his face. Yashodā returns at this juncture and asks "Why is Krishna crying?" The Brahmin has no tongue with which to reply.

Another addition is with regard to the story of Pānde of Mahārāne – Hearing about Krishna's birth Pande, a high caste Brahmin

[11] *Rati Bhāva:* Emotion of love.

comes to Yashodā's house. Yashodā prepares sweet Kheer (rice-pudding) for him. While the Brahmin is trying to offer it to God; young Krishna drinks it and spoils it. He does the same kind of mischief to the food offered to God. Yashodā is angry. But Krishna innocently answers:

Janani dosh deti kat mokaun, bahu bidhān Kari dhyāve
Nain mundi, kar jori, nām lai, bārahin bār bulāvai''

(Why do you blame me O mother, he is remembering in varied strain. Shutting his eyes, with folded hands, he utters my name and calls me again and again)

Yashodā tells Pānde that a child is like God, and so his touching the food does not pollute it.

The third addition states that the Brāhmanās arranged a sacrifice nearby while Krishna was wandering in the forest with other cow herds and feeling very hungry. He went and begged for some from them. But they refused to part with it. So Krishna went to the wives of the Brāhamins, who had cooked food for the sacrifice. They were so much attracted by Krishna, that they readily offered those delicious dishes to all cowherds.

Dr. Singh quotes Dr. Rammonohar Lohia and Swami Vivekananda in his essay : ''Krishna defeated Indra, he drove away false gods, re-established the real gods, who ate and enjoyed, he turned the man made of blood and bones into a divine being. He said, ''Don't search God in the sky and heaven, but search Him here on this earth. He eats and loves and collectively protects them'' (Lohia), and ''If you cannot see God in the human face, how can you see Him in the clouds or the images made of dull dead matter or in mere fictitious stores of your brain'' (Vivekananda).

Mahatma Gandhi's *Daridranārāyaṇa* was not any different, from Krishna's Sudāmā or Shabari.

TRANSLATOR'S TRAVAILS

Sūrdās's translation in English is not an easy task. We find that the missionaries in their Heritage of India series in Hymns from North India totally misinterpreted Krishna. Even Dr. Raghuvira, Rāmchandra Tandon and Ūshā Priyamvadā's translations of Mirābai do not convey the original passion and power of Rajasthāni expression. Sri Aurobino's translations

of Vidyapati's poems and Tagore's Hundred poems of Kabir are superior. I humbly followed their footsteps and attempted some translations in English of Tukārām, Kabir and Nāmdev in my books.

Sadani has selected poems of Sūrdās in various moods and has succeeded superbly in keeping as close as possible to the sonorous sound and spiritual sense of Sūrdās. He has the spirit of devotion, humility and a learner-like curiosity and has taken meticulous care to draft and re-draft his renderings. He is also aware of his own limitations and the inadequacy of our usage of the English language. So he is eminently successful. Now Sūrdas can be read through his renderings, smoothly and effortlessly. There is spontaneity, suppleness, sweetness and verisimilitude in his succinct translations. He is not arrogant, enough to 'trans-create', nor does he hide his ignorance under the garb of 'adaptations'. He touches the original with reverence, but with confidence and a sure grasp. I recommend his work to lovers of both Hindi and English literature, particularly to all interested in medieval Indian devotional poetry.

In the words of Surdas:

Rekh na roop, baran jāke nahin, tākohamen baṭāvat

(neither line nor form nor colour, you show that to me).

Now, readers of English will no more be turning a blind eye to the great Sūrdās, who made the abstract concrete.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Surdas in his devotional songs gives expression to the ineffable, infinite Absolute, the Supreme Godhead, Lord Krishna. The simplicity of his language has such charm and beauty, that great spiritual truths and their ecstatic experiences are couched in superb idyllic settings. His poetry stirs the human heart, transmuting all emotions and thoughts into divine love. The streams of enrapturing love of the individual beings, *jivas* or Gopis, rush to commingle in the azure ocean of Lord Krishna, like rivers desiring no return – even the ocean is ready to swirl in eddying whirls because of the devout fervour of love and supplication. One emotion follows another in quick succession in Surdas's poems till the entire life of the devotee intermingles with the divine to become its indistinguishable part – partaking of the Divine Bliss of Lord Krishna's Lila.

Surdas's blind eyes are as it were relumed with a new vision. He sees through the veil of life, revealing the innermost urges of mankind and sanctifies them with the magic touch of spiritual sublimity. The surging affection of the mother for the child, the childhood pranks of Krishna and his cowherd chums, the innocent sport with cow-herd-maids – *Gopis*, the various miracles of slaying demons in childhood, the joys of keeping trysts with the Gopis, their longings, and experiencing the pangs of separation from their beloved Krishna are all woven in an exquisite texture of spiritual realisation and bliss – the *Rasa* of the *Mahā Rāsa*.

Surdas uses a unique diction of his own in conveying his devotional emotions in the resilient and pliant *Brajbhasha* – a mediaeval Hindi dialect. Such is the lyrical charm and musical incantation of Surdas's verses that their words glimmer with an aura of multi-meaningful images. There are hardly single English words which can express the entire cultural connotation and ethos of these allusions. Yet I have made a humble effort to present the charm and beauty of Surdas's poems, bringing the translation as close to the original as possible, within the idiom and

expression of the English language, though at places readers may get the oriental flavour as well. The original Hindi verses are included in the book for comparative study. They are based on the Hindi edition published by Nagari Pracharini Sabha – Benares (Varanasi).

I am very grateful to Dr. Prabhakar Machwe for kindly writing such a scholarly research oriented, introduction, delineating the life and *Lila* of Krishna, Vallabhacharya and his philosophy, the life of Surdas and his poetry for the English readership.

I am confident these inspiring verses of Surdas will bind human hearts in closer bonds of love and understanding, irrespective of time and place, and thus make the devotion and piety of Surdas a universal phenomenon.

113-B, Manohardas Katra
Calcutta- 700 007

Jaikishandas Sadani

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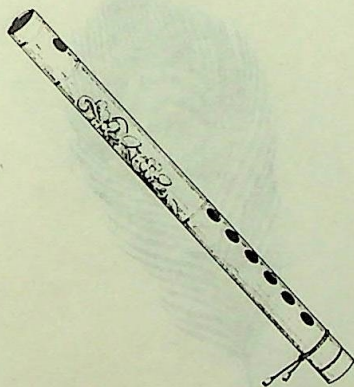
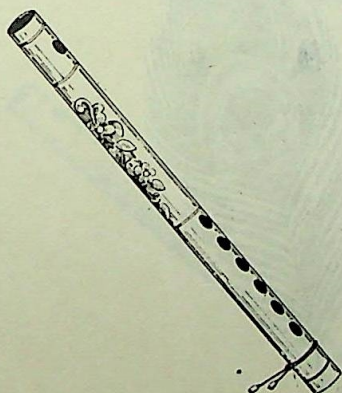
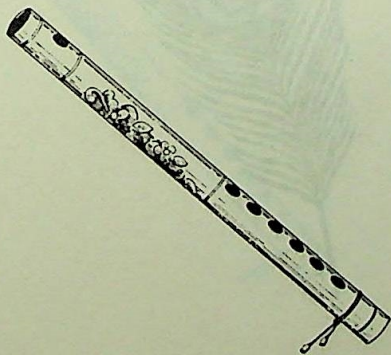
SELECTED POEMS

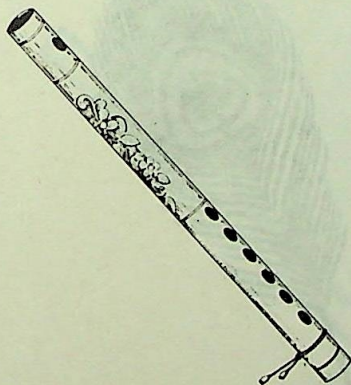
SELECTED POEMS

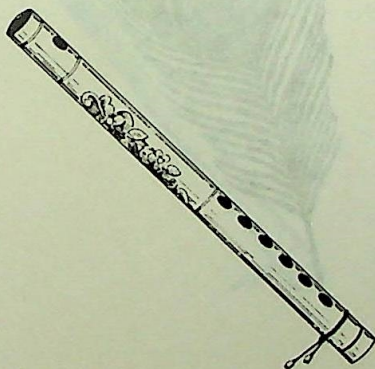
चरन-कमल बंदौं हरि राइ।
जाकी कृपा पंगु गिरि लंघै, अंधे कौं सब कछु दरसाइ।।
बहिरौ सुनै, गूंग पुनि बोलै, रंक चलै सिर छत्र धराइ।
सूरदास स्वामी करूनामय, बार बार बंदौं तिहिं पाइ।। [1]

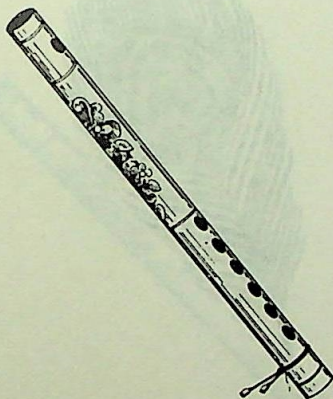
I bow at the lotus feet of *Hari*,
By His grace the lame surmount the mount,
The blind behold with illumined vision,
The deaf hear, dumb begin to speak,
The poor move in royal grandeur,
Extremely merciful is the Lord, says Sur
I bow, I bow at His feet. [1]

अबिगत-गति कछु कहत न आवै।
ज्यौं गूगैं मीठे फल कौ, रस अंतरगत हीं भावै।।
परम स्वाद सबही सु निरंतर, अमित तोष उपजावै।
मन-बानी कौं अगम-अगोचर, सो जानै जो पावै।।
रूप-रेख-गुन-जाति जुगति-बिनु, निरालंब कित धावै।
सब विधि अगम बिचारहिं तातैं, सूर सगुन-पद गावै।। [2]

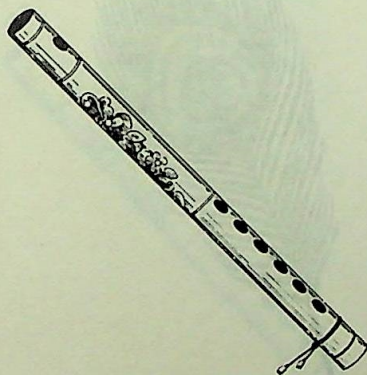
Ineffable, are the ways of the Absolute.
Like a dumb relishing the *rasa* of sweet fruit,
Feels it through his inner being,
Surely 'tis a perennial supreme taste
Giving endless satisfaction.
Beyond the reach of mind and speech,
He alone knows, who has realised Him.
Without form, attributes, location or approach,
In which direction will it move without a base?
Sur sings the glory of the Divine form,
As the formless eludes perception. [2]

प्रभु कौ देखौ एक सुभाइ।
अति-गंभीर-उदार-उदधि हरि, जान-सिरोमनि राइ।।
तिनका सौं अपने जन कौ गुन मानत मेरू-समान।
सकुचि गनत अपराध-समुद्रहिं बूंद-तुल्य भगवान।।
बदन-प्रसन्न-कमल सनमुख ह्वै देखत हौं हरि जैसें।
बिमुख भए अकृपा न निमिषहूं, फिरि चितयौं तौ तैसें।।
भक्त-विरह-कातर करूनामय, डोलत पाछैं लागे।
सूरदास ऐसे स्वामी कौं देहिं पीठि सो अभागे।। [3]

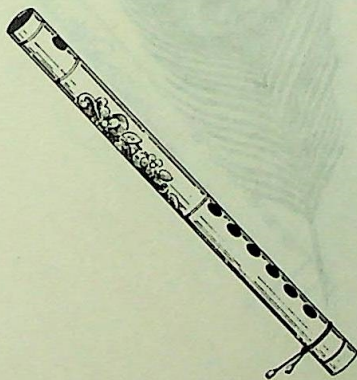
I've seen the unique nature of the Lord.
Hari is an unfathomable ocean of grace,
He is the supreme king of kings.
The tiniest iota of virtue in his devotees,
He takes to be the mountain *Meru*,
While the vast sea of their sins He considers,
Like the minutest drop of water.
I see His smiling lotus-like face,
Whenever I happen to behold Him.
He is never unkind, though I forget him,
He is the same when remembered again.
Merciful Lord is pained by devotees' separation,
He kindly looks after their welfare.
Sur says they are extremely unfortunate
Who are averse to such a gracious Lord. [3]

अब हौं माया-हाथ बिकानौं।
परबस भयौ पसू ज्यों रजु-बस, भज्यौ न श्रीपति रानौ।।
हिंसा-मद ममता-रस भूल्यौ, आसाहीं लपटानौ।
वाही करत अधीन भयौ हौं, निद्रा अति न अघानौ।।
अपने हीं अज्ञान-तिमिर मैं, बिसर्‍यौ परम ठिकानौ।
सूरदास को एक आँखि है, ताहू मैं कछु कानौ।। [4]

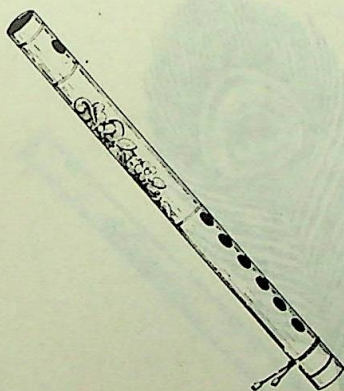
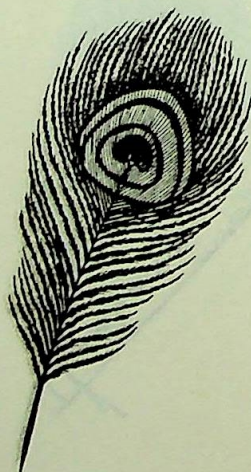
Now I am sold at the hands of *Maya.*
I'm bound like a tethered beast,
As I haven't worshipped the Lord of *Laxmi.*
Steeped in pride, passion, and violence,
I am stranded, engrossed in ambitions.
I am enslaved by all these temptations,
Never weary of sleeping in delusion.
In the darkness of my own ignorance,
I've forgotten the supreme destination.
Sur says "the one eye I have, alas!
Even it has very little vision." [4]

किते दिन हरि-सुमिरन बिनु खोए।
पर-निन्दा रसना के रस करि, केतिक जनम बिगोए।।
तेल लगाइ कियौ रुचि-मर्दन, बस्तर मलि-मलि धोए।
तिलक बनाइ चले स्वामी ह्वै, विषयिनि के मुख जोए।।
काल बली तैं सब जग कांप्यौ, ब्रह्मादिक हूं रोए।
सूर अधम की कहौ कौन गति, उदर भरे, परि सोए।। [5]

How many days lost, without remembering Hari.
The tongue delighting in the censure of others,
Renders countless births in vain.
Massaging the body well with oil,
'Tis like washing and rinsing the clothes.
Putting on *tilak,* and posing like a sage,
Is hankering after sensual satiety.
All the world trembles before Mighty Death,
Even *Brahma* and others have wept.
Sur asks who'll care for the lewd sinners
Who gluttonly eat and sleep in sloth? [5]

रे मन, गोविंद के ह्वै रहियै।।
इहिं संसार अपार बिरत ह्वै, जम को त्रास न सहियै।
दुख, सुख, कीरति, भाग आपनैं आइ परै सो गहियै।
सूरदास भगवंत भजन करि अंत बार कछु लहियै।। [6]

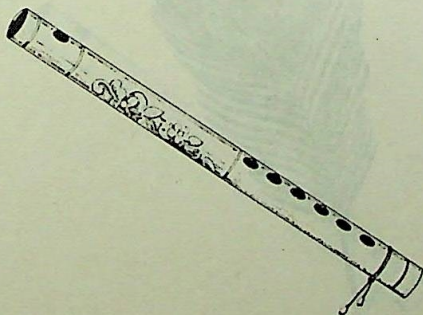
Oh mind, live to the will of Govinda.
Be unattached to endless worldly lures,
To be free from the torments of *Yama.*
Sorrows, joys, fame, are writ by fate,
Forbear what befalls with equipoise.
Sur says sing the glories of the Lord,
Obtain salvation in the end. [6]

क्यौं तू गोबिंद नाम बिसारौ?
अजहूं चेति, भजन करि हरि कौ, काल फिरत सिर ऊपर भारौ।
धन-सुत-दारा काम न आवैं, जिनहिं लागि आपुनपौ हारौ।
सूरदास भगवंत-भजन बिनु, चल्यौ पछिताइ, नयन जल ढारौ।। [7]

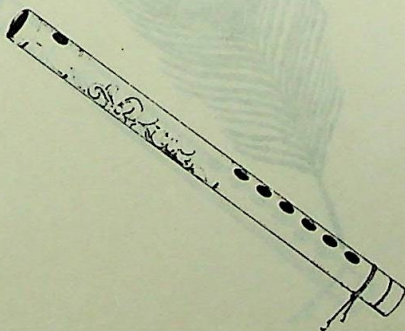
Why have you forgotten the name *Govinda* ?
Be wakeful even now, pray to Hari,
Death hovers heavily overhead.
Wealth, wife, and children will not help,
For whom you've lost your soul.
Sur says, without devotion to the Divine,
Penitent, you'll shed tears all along. [7]

नहिं अस जनम बारबार।
पुरबलौ धौं पुन्य प्रगट्यौ, लहयौ नर-अवतार।।
घटै पल-पल, बढै छिन-छिन, जात लागि न बार।
धरनि पत्ता गिरि परे तैं फिरि न लागै डार।।
भय-उदधि जमलोक दरसै निपट ही अंधियार।
सूर हरि कौ भजन करि-करि उतरि पल्ले-पार।। [8]

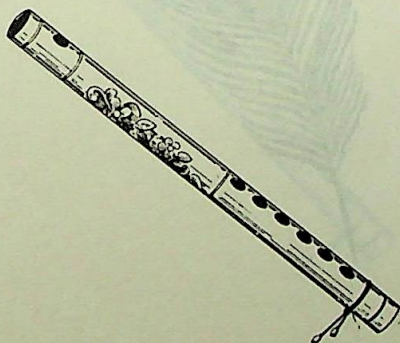
Such a life one doesn't get again and again.
Righteous deeds of past lives are rewarded,
So you are born in this human form.
Seemingly ageing, 'tis receding fast,
It will take no time to come to an end.
The leaf which falls down on the earth,
Will not stick to the branch again.
The abode of *Yama* is an ocean of fear,
'Tis blinding darkness to behold.
Sur says, pray to Hari again and again
To cross over to the other shore. [8]

हमारे निर्धन के धन राम।
चोर न लेत, घटत नहिं कबहूं, आवत गाढ़ैं काम।।
जल नहिं बूड़त, अगिनि न दाहत, है ऐसौ हरि-नाम।
बैकुंठनाथ सकल सुख-दाता, सूरदास-सुख-धाम।। [9]

The name of Rama is the treasure of the poor.
A thief cannot steal it, it never diminishes,
Ah! it is very reassuring in crisis.
It doesn't sink in water, nor burn in fire;
Such is the glory of His name.
Lord of the heaven, bestower of all joys,
He is the abode of bliss, says Sur. [9]

प्रभु हौं बड़ी बेर कौ ठाढ़ौ।
और पतित तुम जैसे तारे, तिनहीं मैं लिखि काढ़ौ।।
जुग-जुग बिरद यहै चलि आयौ, टेरि कहत हौं यातैं।
मरियत लाज पाँच पतितनि मैं, हौं अब कहौ घटि कातैं।।
कै प्रभु हारि मानि कै बैठौ, कै करौ बिरद सही।
सूर पतित जौ झूठ कहत है, देखौ खोजि बही।। [10]

Lord, I have been waiting for long!
You have redeemed so many fallen,
Kindly include me in their list.
This has been your reputation since ages,
That's why I earnestly entreat you.
I'm ashamed to stand in the row of sinners.
Say, who is a greater sinner than me?
Should I lose heart, retreat in despair,
Or you keep up to your fair name as saviour;
If you feel I am beguiling you Lord,
Refer to your scrolls, says Sur. [10]

मो सम कौन कुटिल खल कामी।
तुम सौं कहा छिपी करुनामय, सबके अन्तरजामी!
जो तन दियौ ताहि बिसरायौ, ऐसौ नोन-हरामी।
भरि भरि द्रोह बिषै कौं धावत, जैसैं सूकर ग्रामी।
सुनि सतसंग होत जिय आलस, विषयिनी संग बिसरामी।
श्री हरि-चरन छांड़ि बिमुखनि की निसि-दिन करत गुलामी
पापी परम, अधम, अपराधी, सब पतितनि मैं नामी।
सूरदास प्रभु अधम-उधारन सुनियै श्रीपति स्वामी।। [11]

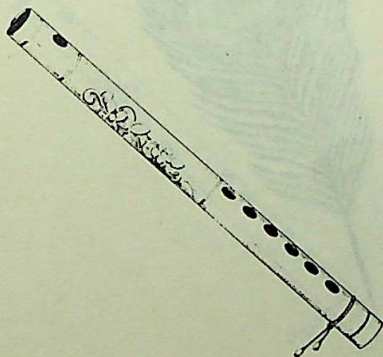
Who is so wicked, wily, and lusty like me?
What's unknown to you, merciful Lord.
You dwell in the innermost recesses of all;
I've forgotten him who gave me this body.
I'm such an ungrateful wretch.
Passionately I run after lewd delights,
Wallowing in filth like lecherous swine.
On hearing of good company I sink into sloth,
In carnal comforts I repose.
Forsaking the feet of Sri Hari,
I've become the slave of the ungodly.
I'm an arch sinner, base and vile,
Foremost amongst all the fallen.
Sur prays, Lord you are the redeemer of the low,
Oh consort of Laxmi! listen to my woe. [11]

अब मैं नाच्यौ बहुत गुपाल।
काम, क्रोध कौ पहिरि चोलना, कंठ विषय की माल।।
महामोह के नूपुर बाजत, निंदा-सब्द-रसाल।
भ्रम-भोयौ मन भयौ पखावज, चलत असंगत चाल।।
तृष्ना नाद करति घट भीतर, नाना बिधि दै ताल।
माया को कटि फेंटा बांध्यौ, लोभ-तिलक दियौ भाल।।
कोटिक कला काछि दिखराई जल-थल सुधि नहिं काल।
सूरदास की सबै अविधा दूरि करौ नंदलाल।। [12]

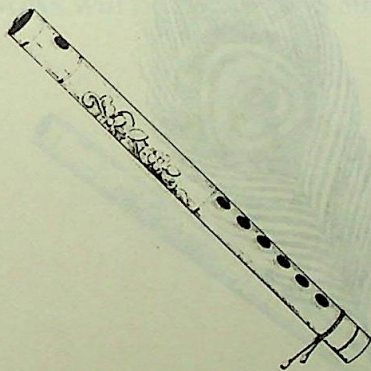
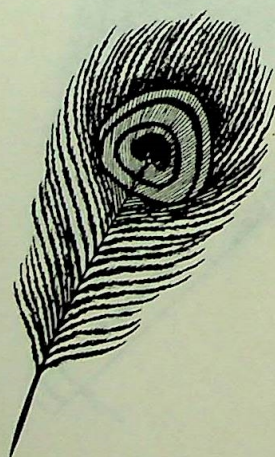
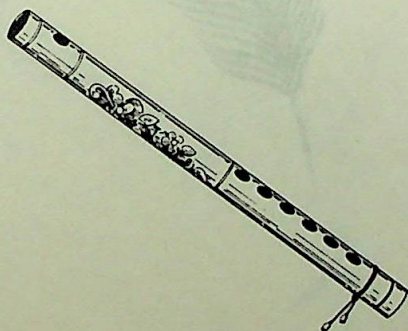
Gopal, I've over-danced by now.
I've put on the cloak of lust and rage,
A garland of passions around my neck,
Bells of great delusion jingle around my ankle,
My tongue delights in calumnious talk.
My deluded mind has become a drum,
Resounding with erratic sonorous sounds.
Hankerings resound within my heart
Marked to various rhythmic beats.
I've tightened the girdle of *maya* around my waist,
Adorned my forehead with a *tilak* of greed.
Countless supple poses I've displayed,
O'er water and land, oblivious of time.
Oh *Nandalal* dispel for good,
This entire *avidya* of Sur. [12]

माधौ जू, तुम कब जिय बिसर्यौ?
जानत सब अंतर की करनी, जो मैं करम कर्यौ।।
पतित-समूह सबै तुम तारे, हुतौ जु लोक भर्यौ।
हौं उनतें न्यारौ करि डार्यौ, इहिं दुख जात मर्यौ।।
फिर-फिर जोनि अनंतनि भरम्यौ, अब सुख सरन पर्यौ।
इहिं अवसर कत बांह छुड़ावत, इहि डर अधिक डर्यौ।।
हौं पापी, तुम पतित-उधारन, डारे हौं कत देत?
जौ जानौ यह सूर पतित नहिं, तौ तारौ निज हेत।। [13]

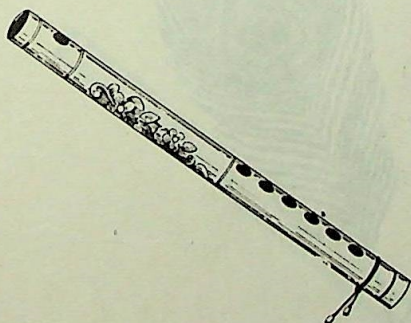
Madho, why have you forgotten me!
You are aware of my inmost urges,
Of all the deeds I've done.
You have saved innumerable fallen,
Who amply abound on this earth.
You've singled me out from amongst them,
With this sorrow I am sinking in shame.
Deluded, I've ambled birth after birth,
Now at last, I've surrendered to you.
Why do you forsake me at this moment?
This fear affronts me all the more,
I'm a sinner, you're the redeemer of sinners,
So why do you leave me in the lurch?
If you think, Sur is yet unfit,
Consider saving him, for your prestige. [13]

जैसैं राखहु तैसैं रहौं।
जानत हौ दुख-सुख सब जन के, मुख करि कहा कहौं?
कबहुंक भोजन लहौं कृपानिधि, कबहुंक, भूख सहौं।
कबहुंक चढ़ौं तुरंग, महा गज, कबहुक भार बहौं।।
कमल-नयन, धन-स्याम-मनोहर, अनुचर भयौ रहौं।
सूरदास-प्रभु भक्त-कृपानिधि, तुम्हरे चरन गहौं।। [14]

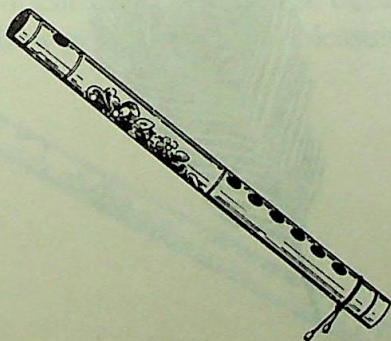
I will live to thy will.
You know the joys and sorrows of all,
With what face should I narrate to you?
Kind Lord, at times I relish food,
At times I remain without food,
At times I mount a horse, an elephant,
At times I carry a heavy load, bare-footed.
Charming *Ghanshyam*, with lotus-like eyes!
I aspire to follow you.
Lord, you're compassionate to devotees,
I hold your feet in supplication, says Sur. [14]

मेरो मन अनत कहां सुख पावै।
जैसें उड़ि जहाज कौ पच्छी, फिरि जहाज पर आवै।।
कमल-नैन को छांड़ि महातम, और देव कौं ध्यावै।
परम गंग कौं छांडि पियासौ दुरमति कूप खनावै।।
जिहिं मधुकर अंबुज-रस चाख्यौ, क्यौं करील-फल भावै।
सूरदास-प्रभु कामधेनु तजि, छेरी कौन दुहावै।। [15]

Where else can my mind be happy!
Like a bird that flies from its ship,
Ever returns to the ship again.
Forsaking the glorious lotus-eyed Lord,
Who will meditate on other gods?
Foolish is the thirsty, who'll sink a well,
Leaving the holy waters of the Ganges.
The bee that has tasted lotus-honey,
Why will it relish the bitter gourd?
Sur says, who will abandon the *Kamadhenu*
And resort to milking a goat! [15]

ऐसौ कब करिहौ गोपाल।
मनसा-नाथ, मनोरथ-दाता, हौ प्रभु दीनदयाल।।
चरननि चित्त निरंतर अनुरत, रसना चरित-रसाल।
लोचन सजल, प्रेम-पुलकित तन, गर अंचल, कर माल।।
इहि बिधि लखत, झुकाह रहै जम अपनैं हीं भय भाल।
सूर सुजस-रागी न डरत मन, सुनि जातना कराल।। [16]

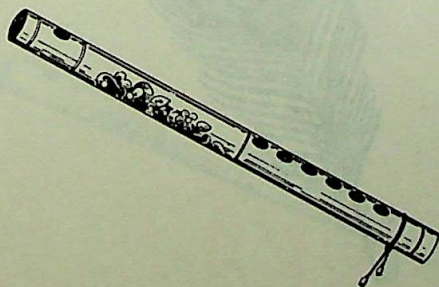
When will you grant such grace, *Gopal*?
You're Lord of the heart, bestower of desires,
Lord! You are extremely merciful to the poor.
My heart have unceasing love of your feet.
My tongue, delight in your lores,
My eyes brimming tears, body enthralled with love,
Wearing sacred clothes, rosary in hand,
Seeing me thus even *Yama* will be amazed.
He'll bow down his head due to fear.
Sur says, my heart when imbued with your glory,
Will never be scared by hearing of torments. [16]

हमारे प्रभु, औगुन चित न धरौ।
समदरसी है नाम तुम्हारौ, सोई पार करौ।।
इक लोहा पूजा मैं राखत, इक घर बधिक परौ।
सो दुबिधा पारस नहिं जानत, कंचन करत खरौ।।
इक नदिया इक नार कहावत, मैलौ नीर भरौ।
जब मिलि गए तब एक बरन ह्वै, गंगा नाम परौ।।
तन माया, ज्यौ ब्रह्मा कहावत, सूर सु मिलि बिगरौ।
कै इनकौ निरधार कीजियै, कै प्रन जात टरौ।। [17]

Lord, condone my sins,
Your name is the Impartial,
Please live up to it.
Iron is kept for worship in a shrine,
Iron is also used by the butcher;
Paras doesn't discriminate between them,
On touch, transmutes both into gold.
One is the river, the other a drain,
Flowing with stinking, polluted water,
But once they mingle, become one,
They are called the holiest Ganga!
Maya's spell, reckons the body as *Brahman*
This mingling creates much confusion.
Either dispel this delusion for good,
Or all your vows will be belied, says Sur. [17]

भक्त जमुने सुगम, अगम औरैं।
प्रात जो न्हात, अघ जात ताके सकल, ताहि जमहू रहत हाथ जोरैं।
अनुभवी जानही बिंना अनुभव कहा, प्रिया जाकौ नहीं चित्त चैरैं।
प्रेम के सिंधु कौ मर्म जान्यौ नहीं सूर कहि कहा भयौ देह बोरैं? [18]

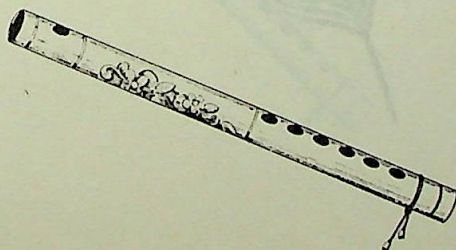
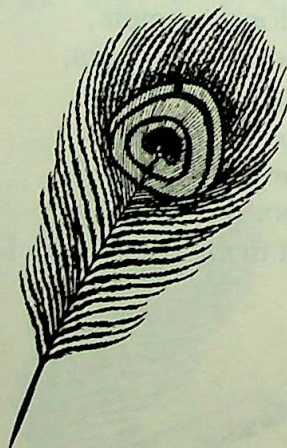
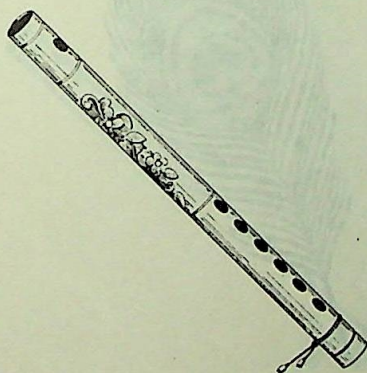
Yamuna, you're easily accessible to devotees,
But to others you're inaccessible.
Those who bathe in thee in the morning,
All their sins are washed away.
Even *Yama* stands before them with folded hands.
Without experiencing how can one
Realise the charm of revelation ?
If the heart is not enticed by the beloved,
And you have not realised the profound mystery
Of the vast ocean of love,
Its no use dipping your body in Yamuna, says Sur. [18]

भक्ति कब करिहौ जनम सिरानौ।
बालापन खेलतहीं खोयौं, तरुनाई गरबानौ।।
बहुत प्रपंच किए माया के, तऊ न अधम अघानौ।
जतन-जतन करि माया जोरी, लै गयौ रंक न रानौ।।
सुत-बित-बनिता-प्रीति लगाई, झूठे भरम भुलानौ।
लोभ-मोह ते चेत्यौ नाहीं, सुपनैं ज्यौं डहकानौ।।
बिरघ भऐं कफ कंठ बिरौध्यौं, सिर धुनि-धुनि पछितानौ।
सूरदास भगवंत-भजन बिनु, जम कैं हाथ बिकानौं।। [19]

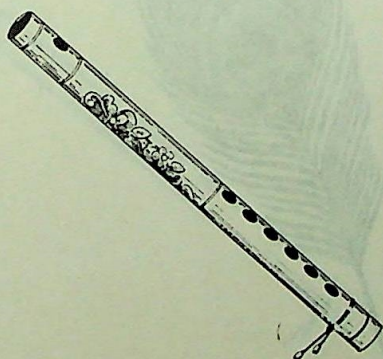
When will you worship, life is fleeting!
Childhood you wasted in playing,
In youth you were beguiled by pride,
In the hands of *Maya* you've played for long,
Oh! Wretch you are still unsatisfied.
With tireless efforts you amassed much wealth.
Neither the poor nor king carried it with him.
Attachment and love for sons, wealth and wife,
Landed you in great delusion.
Not cautioned by the snares of greed,
You're bewildered like one in a dream.
In old age your throat is choked by phlegm,
Leaving you helpless repentant in despair.
Sur says, without devotion to the Lord,
You are sold out at the hands of *Yama*. [19]

चित्-बुद्धि-संवाद

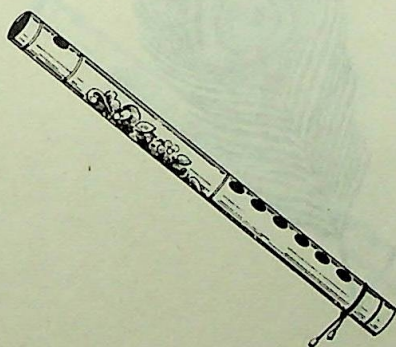
चकई री, चलि चरन-सरोवर, जहां न प्रेम-वियोग।
जहं भ्रम-निसा होति नहिं कबहूं, सोइ सायर सुख जोग।।
जहां सनक-सिव हंस, मीन मुनि, नख रवि-प्रभा प्रकास।
प्रफुलित कमल, निमिष नहिं ससि-डर, गुंजत निगम सुबास।
जिहिं सर सुभग मुक्ति-मुक्ताफल, सुकृत-अमृत-रस पीजै।
सो सर छांड़ि कुबुद्धि बिहंगम, इहां कहा रहि कीजै।।
लछमी-सहित होति नित क्रीड़ा, सोभित सूरजदास।
अब न सुहात विषय-रस-छीलर, वा समुद्र की आस।। [20]

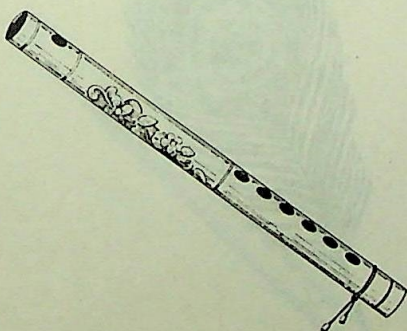
Dialogue of self with Intellingence

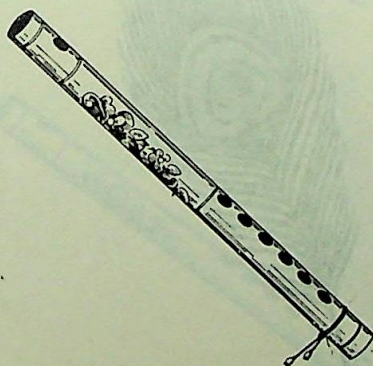
Chakai, lets go to the lake of His feet,
Where love suffers no separation.
Where there is no night of delusion,
It is an ocean of intense bliss, wherein
Sanaka and *Shiva* are swans, sages are the fish.
The nails of His feet shine like reflugence of the sun.
Full bloomed lotuses aren't afraid of the moon.
Fragrance permeates like the hum of Vedic chants.
The lake bestows pearl-like fruits of redemption.
Drink the ambrosial *rasa* of righteous deeds.
O! Foolish bird, forsaking such a peerless lake,
Why stay over here any longer now?
Sur says, the lake is so resplendent,
By eternal sport with His consort *Laxmi.*
In the hope of obtaining that immense ocean
I abhor the shallow ponds of worldly pleasure. [20]

चलि सखि, तिहिंसरोवर जाहिं।
जिहिं सरोवर कमल कमला, रवि बिना बिकसाहिं।।
हंस उज्जल पंख निर्मल, अंग मलि-मलि न्हाहिं।
मुक्ति-मुक्ता अनगिने फल, तहां चुनि-चुनि खाहिं।।
अतिहिं मगन महा मधुर रस, रसन मध्य समाहिं।
पदुम-बास सुगंध-सीतल, लेत पाप नसाहिं।।
सदा प्रफुलित रहैं, जल बिनु निमिष नहिं कुम्हिलाहिं।
सघन गुंजत बैठि उन पर भौंरहू बिरमाहिं।।
देखि नीर जु छिलछिलौ जग, समुझि कछु मन माहिं।
सूर क्यौं नहिं चलै उड़ि तहं, बहुरि उड़िबौं नाहिं।। [21]

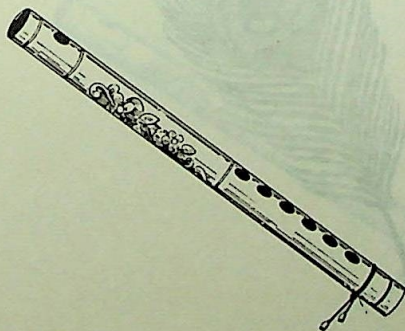
Sakhi, let us go to that lake.
The lake where the lotus of *Laxmi*
Blossoms without the sun.
Where the swans of sparkling wings,
Bathe to their hearts' content.
They choose and relish, the sweetest fruits,
Of the countless pearls of redemption.
Entranced by the savory supreme *rasa*
They are rapt in ecstatic bliss.
The sweet and soothing aroma of lotuses
Clear away all the stains of sins.
They're ever in bloom without water,
They don't wilt, even for a moment,
Seated on them, the honey-bees hum,
They are always enthralled in delight.
The world appears like shallow water.
Just realise this in your heart.
Sur asks, why do we not fly over there?
There'll be no need of flying back again. [21]

सुवा, चलि ता बन कौ रस पीजै।
जा बन राम नाम अम्रित-रस, स्रवन-पात्र भरि लीजै।।
को तेरौ पुत्र, पिता तू काकौ, घरनी, घर कौ तेरौ?
काग-सृगाल-स्वान कौ भोजन, तू कहै मेरौ-मेरौ।।
बन बारानसि मुक्ति-क्षेत्र है, चलि तोकौं दिखराऊँ।
सूरदास साधुनि की संगति, बड़े भाग्य जो पाऊं।। [22]

Parrot, come, let us drink the *rasa* of those woods
Where oozes the nectrine *rasa* of Rama's name,
Let us go and fill our ears to the brim.
Who is your son? Whose father are you?
Who is your wife? Which is your home?
All that you value as your dearest possession
'Tis only food for crows, jackals and dogs.
Woods of Varanasi are realms of redemption,
Come along, I will take you there.
Sur says, I'll be fortunate indeed,
If I attain the company of saints. [22]

जो सुख होत गुपालहिं गाऐं।'
सो सुख होत न जप-तप कीन्हैं, कोटिक तीरथ न्हाऐं।।
दिऐं लेत नहिं चारि पदारथ, चरन-कमल चित लाऐं।
तीनि लोक तृन-सम करि लेखत, नंद-नन्दन उर आऐं।।
बंसीवट, बृन्दावन, जमुना तजि बैकुंठ न जावै।
सूरदास हरि कौ सुमिरन करि, बहुरि न भव-चल आवै।। [23]

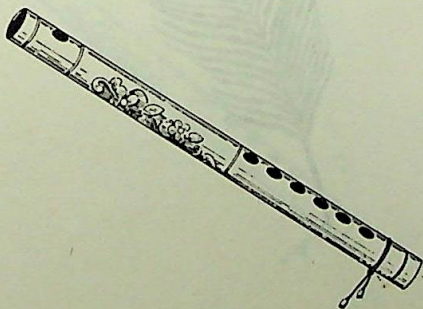
The joys of singing the glories of *Gopal*,
Aren't obtained by penance or telling beads,
Nor by bathing in numerous holy places.
Once His feet are enshrined in the heart,
The *four fruits'* of life have no attraction.
When the son of *Nanda* dwells in the heart,
The grandeur of the universe appears like straw.
Leaving *Vanshivat, Vrindawan, Yamuna,*
None will like to live in paradise.
Sur says, remember Divine *Hari*
You will not return to this world any more. [23]

जाकौ मन लाग्यौ नंदलालहिं, ताहिं और नहिं भावै (हो)
जौ लै मीन दूध मैं डारै, बिन जल नहिं सचुपावै (हो)।।
अति सुकुमार डोलत रस-भीनौ, सो रस जाहि पियावै (हो)।
ज्यौं गूंगौ गुर खाइ अधिक रस, सुख-सवाद न बतावै (हो)।।
जैसें सरिता मिलै सिंधु कौं, बहुरि प्रवाह न आवै (हो)।
ऐसें सूर कमललोचन तैं, चित नहिं अनत डुलावै (हो)।। [24]

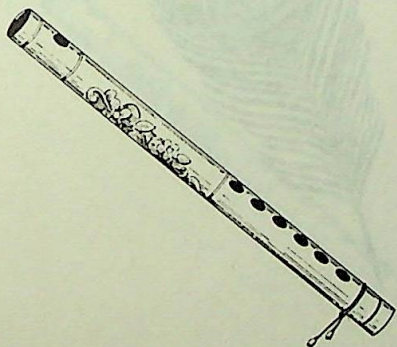
He whose mind is devoted to *Nandalal,*
He has no liking for anything else.
Even if you place, the fish in milk,
Without water it will not survive.
Ever enthralled, he is always delighted
By drinking that wondrous Rasa.
Like the dumb person tasting sugar candy,
He's unable to express its savour in words.
Its like the river that merges in the sea
It doesn't return to flow any more.
Sur says I'm so absorbed in His lotus-eyes
My heart doesn't waver anywhere else. [24]

सुनि सखि वे बड़भागी मोर।
जिनि पांखनि कौ मुकुट बनायौ, सिर धरि नंदकिसोर।।
ब्रह्मादिक सनकादि महामुनि, कलपत दोउ कर जोर।
वृंदाबन के तृन न भए हम, लगत चरन कै छोर।।
बड़ौ भाग नंद-जसुमति कौ है, कोऊ ठहर न और।
सूरदास गोपिन हित कारन, कहियत माखन चोर।। [25]

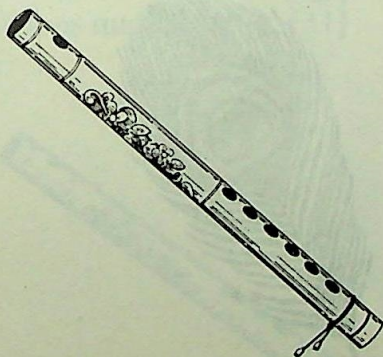
Listen. Friend, the peacocks are very fortunate.
The son of Nanda dons his head,
With a crest made of their feathers.
Brahma and others, Sanaka and sages
Ardently long with folded hands before him.
Alas! We aren't the grass of Vrindavan
Which ever touch his feet.
Extremely blessed are Nanda and Yashoda
There is none to vie with them.
Sur says, for the redemption of Gopis
He becomes the butter thief. [25]

आजु गृह नंद महर कैं बधाइ।
प्रात समय मोहन मुख निरखत, कोटि चंद्र-छवि पाइ।।
मिलि ब्रज-नागरि मंगल गावतिं, नंद-भवन मैं आइ।
देतिं असीस, जियौ जसुदा-सुत कोटिनि बरष कन्हाइ।।
अति आनंद बढ्यौ गोकुल मैं उपमा कहीं न जाइ।
सूरदास धनि नंद की घरनी, देखत नैन सिराइ।। [26]

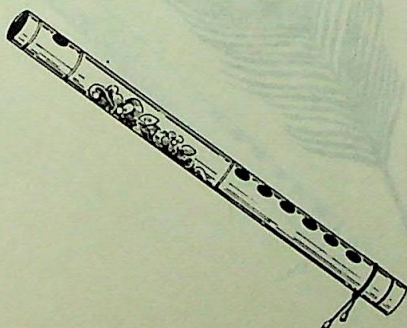
There's great rejoicing at Nanda's house.
The women of *Braja* singing auspicious songs,
Hasten to the house of Nanda,
To behold in the morning, the face of Mohan.
Like the soothing lustre of the stintless moon,
All showered blessing on the son of Yashoda,
"Long live *Kanai* for countless years."
Gokul was welling in effusive delight,
No simile can aptly indite their joy.
Sur says, blessed is the spouse of Nanda;
Blessed are her beholding eyes. [26]

जसोदा हरि पालनैं झुलावै।
हलरावै, दुलराइ मल्हावै, जोइ-सोइ कछु गावै।।
मेरे लाल कौं आउ निदरिया, काहैं न आनि सुवावै।
तू काहैं नहि बेगिहि आवै, तोकौं कान्ह बुलावै।।
कबहुं पलक हरि मूंदि लेत हैं कबहुं अधर फरकावै।
सोवत जानि मौन ह्वै कै रहि, करि-करि सैन बतावै।।
इहि अंतर अकुलाइ उठे हरि, जसुमति मधुरैं गावै।
जो सुख सूर अमर-मुनि दुरलभ, सो नंद-भामिनि पावै।। [27]

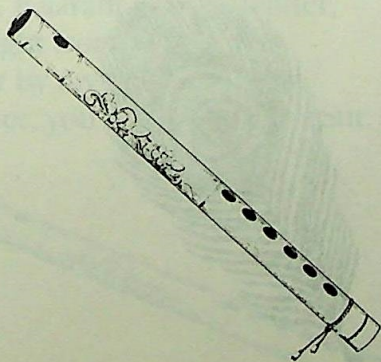
Yashoda sways Hari in the cradle.
She cajoles, she fondles, she lullabys;
She sings her sweetest songs.
"Sleep, do visit my darling child,
Why don't you lull him a sleep?
Why don't you come here at once?
Kanha is calling you in earnest."
At times he closes his eyes,
At times he flickers his lips.
Thinking him asleep, she quietly gestures,
Signals to others by signs, and allusions.
Meanwhile, Hari abruptly wakes up,
Yashoda starts singing sweetly again.
The bliss, out of reach for gods and sages,
Yashoda obtains it every day, says Sur. [27]

कपट करि ब्रजहिं पूतना आई।
अति सुरूप, विष अस्तन लाए, राजा कंस पठाई।।
मुख चूमति, अरू नैन निहारति, राखति कंठ लगाई।
भाग बड़े तुम्हरे नंदरानी, जिहिं के कुंवर कन्हाई।।
क़र गहि छीर पियावति अपनौ, जानत केसवराई।
बाहर ह्वै कै असुर पुकारी, अब बलि लेहु छुड़ाई।।
गइ मुरछाइ, परी धरनी पर, मनौ भुवंगम खाई।
सूरदास प्रभु तुम्हारी लीला, भक्तनि गाइ सुनाई।। [28]

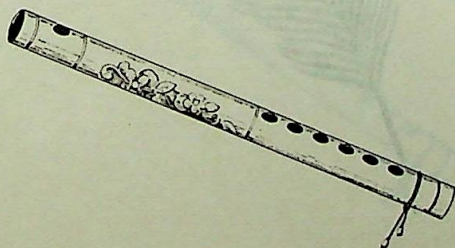
Cunning *Putana* has come to *Braja.*
An exquisite beauty, with poison-smeared breasts.
She was sent by the King *Kamsa.*
Kissing tenderly, she looked into Krishna's eyes
Caressing him gently in endearing love.
"Nand rani, you are extremely fortunate,
You have such a princely Kanai," she says.
Lifting him in her arms she gave suck of her milk,
But he was quite aware of her truant.
The demon in her began to wail and whine,
Franticly she tried to free herself;
Fainted, she fell listless on the ground,
As if bitten by a venomous snake.
Sur says Lord, your devotees ever sing
The mysterious glories of your sport. [28]

सुत-मुख देखि जसोदा फूली।
हरषित देखि दूध की दंतियाँ, प्रेममगन तन की सुधि भूली।।
बाहिर तैं तब नंद बुलाए, देखौ, धौं सुन्दर सुखदाई।।
तनक-तनक सी दूध-दंतुलिया, देखौ, नैन सफल करौ आई।।
आनंद सहित महर तब आए, मुख चितवत दोउ नैन अघाई।
सून स्याम किलकत द्विज देख्यौ, मनौ कमल पर बिज्जु जमाई।। [29]

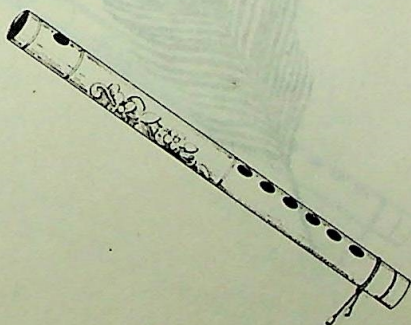
Yashoda was elated seeing her son's face.
She was delighted to behold his milk-teeth,
Rapt in love she was oblivious of herself.
She hastened to call Nanda inside.
"Look these are so delightfully beautiful,
Behold the budding row of his milk-teeth,
Come, bless your eyes with this sight.
Delighted Nanda entered inside.
His eyes were entranced seeing Krishna's face.
Sur says, he beheld the charming smile
Like lightning reclining on a lotus. [29]

सोभित कर नवनीत लिए।
घुटुरूनि चलत रेनु-तन-मंडित, मुख दधि लेप किए।।
चारू कपोल, लोल लोचन, गोरोचन-तिलक दिए।
लट-लटकनि मनु मत्त मधुप गन, मादक मधुहिं पिए।।
धन्य सूर एकौ पल इहिं सुख, का सत कल्प जिए।। [30]

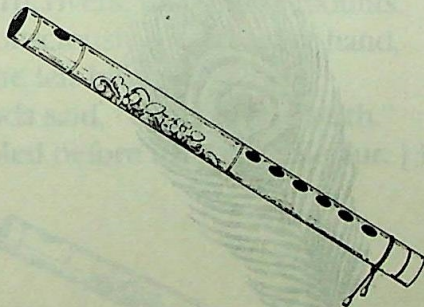
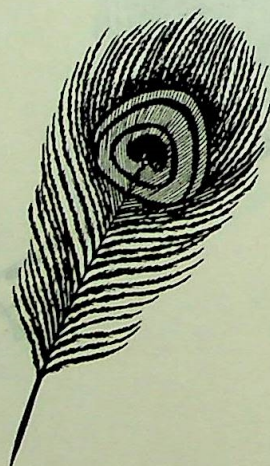
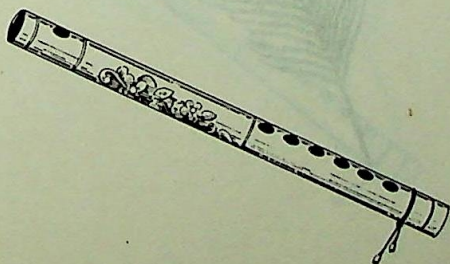
He looks so charming with butter in hand.
Crawling on his knees he is covered with dust.
While his face is besmeared with curds.
Chubby are his cheeks, large lovely eyes,
On his forehead shines a scarlet *tilak*.
Dangling curls appear like drunken bees,
Swarming to drink the intoxicating honey.
Blessed is such a single moment of bliss,
What's the use of living hundred years, says Sur! [30]

मैया, मैं तो चंद-खिलौना लैहों
जैहौं लोटि घरनि पर अबहीं, तेरी गोद न ऐहौं।।
सुरभी कौ पय पान न करिहौं, बेनी सिर न गुहैहौं।
ह्वैहौं पूत नंद बाबा कौ, तेरौ सुत न कहैहौं।।
आगैं आउ, बात सुनि मेरी, बलदेवहिं न जनैहौं।
हंसि समुझावति, कहति जसोमति, नई दुलहिया दैहौं।।
तेरी सौं, मेरी सुनि मैया, अबहिं बियाहन जैहों।
सूरदास ह्वै कुटिल बराती, गीत सुमंगल गैहों।। [31]

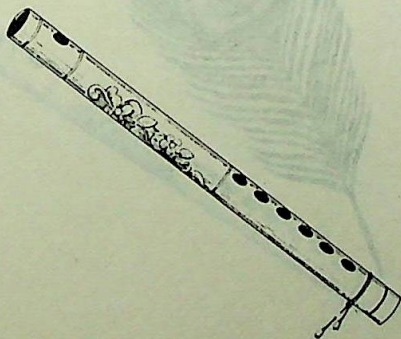
Mother, give me the moon for playing.
Or else I'll wallow on the ground right now.
I'll never come to your lap any more.
I'll not drink the milk of *Surabhi*.
I'll never plait my hair again.
I'll not become your son any more.
I'll become the son of *Nandababa*.
"Come to me, listen, don't tell *Balaram*
What I am telling you just now."
Smiling in joy Yashoda told Him dearly
"I'll bring for you a beautiful bride."
"Mother dear, listen, I swear by you,
I want to marry right now."
Sur says "I'll pose as one in a wedding party
And sing auspicious nuptial songs. [31]

जागिए, ब्रजराज कुंवर, कमल-कुसुम फूले।
कुमुद-वृंद संकुचित भए, भृंग लता भूले।।
तमचुर खग-रोर सुनहु, बोलत बनराई।
रांभति गो खरिकनि मैं, बछरा हित धाई।।
विधु मलीन रवि प्रकास गावत नर नारी।
सूर स्याम प्रात उठौ, अंबुज-कर-धारी।। [32]

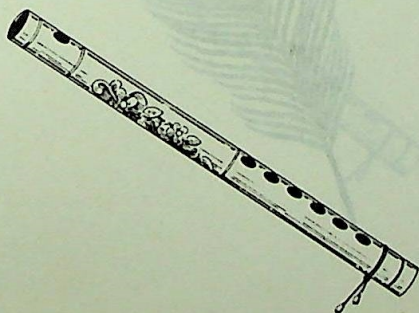
Awake, darling, Prince of Braja!
The lotuses are in full bloom
The lilies are shrivelling in folds.
Bees are swarming o'er creepers enthralled!
Listen to the chants of roosters and birds
Listen to the carols of the peacocks.
The cows are bellowing in their byres.
Running in love to their dear calves,
Wan is the moon, bright the sun,
Men and women sing orisons in joy.
"It's morning," says Sur, rise now *Shyam*,
"Your hands are soft like lotuses!" [32]

मैया मोहिं दाऊ बहुत खिझायौ।
मोसौं कहत मोलकौ लीन्हौ, तू जसुमति कब जायौ ?
कहा करौं इहि रिस के मारे खेलन हौं नहि जात।
पुनि-पुनि कहत कौन है माता, को है तेरौ तात।।
गोरे नंद, जसोदा गोरी, तू कत स्यामल गात।
चुटकी दै-दै ग्वाल नचावत, हंसत सबै मुसुकात।।
तू मोहीं कौं मारन सीखी, दाउहिं कबहूं न खीझै।
मोहन-मुख रिस को ये बातें, जसुमति सुनि-सुनि रीझै।।
सुनहु कान्ह, बलभद्र चबाई, जनमत हो कौ धूत।
सूर स्याम मोहिं गोधन की सौं, हौं माता तू पूत।। [33]

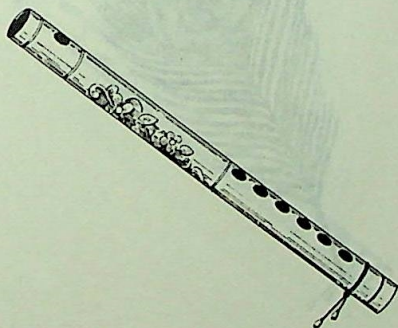
Mother *Dau* has teased me a lot.
He says I have been purchased by you.
"When did Yashoda give you birth?"
What should I do, I am so annoyed!
I do not go out to play any more.
He jeers at me again and again —
"Who's your mother? Who's your father?
Yashoda is fair, so is *Nanda*,
How are you so dark?"
Hearing this, all the cowherds scoff in delight,
Midst laughter they all make fun of me.
You are always bent on punishing me;
You never even scold *Balaram*.
Beholding the sulking face of Mohan,
Yashoda rejoiced all the more.
"Listen Shyam, Balaram is a big banter,
He was wily right from his birth.
Shyam, I swear by my beloved cows,
I'm your mother, you're my son" says Sur. [33]

जेंवत स्याम नंद की कनियाँ।
कछुक खात, कछु धरनि गिरावत, छबि निरखति नंद-रनियां।।
वरी, बरा, बेसन, बहु भांतिनि व्यंजन बिबिध, अगनियां।
डारत, खात, लेत अपनैं कर, रुचि मानत दधि दोनियां।।
मिस्री, दधि, माखन मिस्रित करि, मुख नावत छबि धनियां
आपुन खात नंद-मुख नावत सो छबि कहत न बनियाँ।।
जो रस नंद-जसोदा बिलसत, सो नहिं तिहूं भुवनियां।
भोजन करि नंद अचमन लीन्हौ, मांगत सूर ज़ुठनियां।। [34]

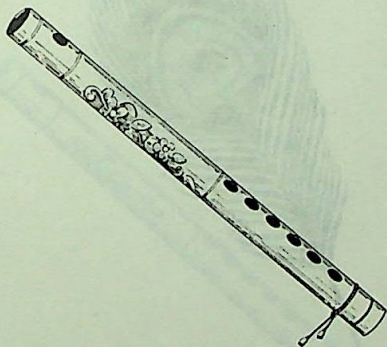
Sitting on Nanda's lap Shyam takes food.
He eats a little, drops a little on the ground.
The wife of Nanda looks on charmed.
Relishing the tasty rustic food,
Of so many different varieties!
He spills, he lifts, eats with his own hands,
Likes drinking the milk in a leaf-cup.
He mixes sugar candy, in milk, and curds.
Besmears his face! He looks so blessed!
He himself eats, offers some to *Nanda* as well,
'Tis a sight too wondrous for words.
The rapture that enthralled *Yashoda* and *Nanda*
Its unknown in the entire Universe!
Nanda completes his meals, performs the *achman*,
Sur humbly craves for the left-over. [34]

खेलत मैं को काकौ गुसैयां।
हरि हारे जीते श्रीदामा, बरबस हीं कत करत रिसैयां।।
जाति-पाँति हमतें बड़ नाहीं, नाहीं, बसत तुम्हारी छैयाँ।
अति अधिकार जनावत यातें जातें अधिक तुम्हारे गैयाँ।।
रुहठि करै तासों को खेलै, रहे बैठि जहं तहं सब ग्वैयां।
सूरदास प्रभु खेल्यौइ चाहत, दांउ दियो करि नंद-दुहैयां।।[35]

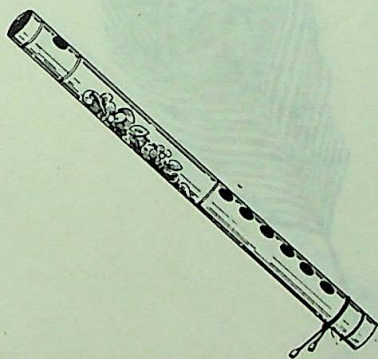
"Why do you boss in play?"
Hari was defeated, *Sridama* had won
"Is this the reason for your annoyance?"
You are not superior by caste or creed,
Nor are we, in any way, sheltered by you.
You seem to be lording over all of us,
Is it only because you possess more cows?
Who will play, you are so unsporting."
They all sat down stalling the game.
Sur says, the Lord, still wanted to play.
He conceded when reminded, of Nanda's name. [35]

मो देखत जसुमति तेरो ढोटा, अबहीं माटी खाई।
यह सुनि कै रिस करि उठि धाई, बांह पकरि लै आई।।
इक कर सौं भुज गहि गाढ़ैं करि, इक कर लीन्ही सांटी।
मारति हौं तोहि अबहिं कन्हैया, बेगि न उगिलै माटी।।
ब्रज-लरिका सब तेरे आगे, झूठी कहत बनाइ।
मेरे कहैं नहीं तू मानति, दिखरावौं मुख बाइ।।
अखिल ब्रह्मांड-खंड की महिमा, दिखराई मुख माँहि।
सिंध-सुमेर-नदी-बन पर्वत चकित भई मन चाहि।।
कर तैं सांटि गिरत नहिं जानी, भुजा छांड़ि अकुलानी।
सूर कहै जसुमति मुख मूंदौ, बलि गई सारंग पानी।। [36]

"Right now in my presence Yashoda
Your son has eaten clay."
On hearing this she rushed in rage,
She firmly caught hold of *Kanai*.
With one hand she clasped his arm,
With the other she lifted the cane.
"I'll beat you *Kanai*" she said
"Spit out all the clay at once."
"Mother, all the boys of Braja are bent on
Telling false tales about me.
You'll not believe in what I say
But you just look into my mouth."
The infinite glory of the cosmos
He revealed within his mouth.
She was quite dumbfounded to behold
Oceans, *Sumeru*, rivers, woods and mounts.
The cane unconsciously fell from her hand,
Bewildered, she left his arm.
Amazed Yashoda said, "Close your mouth."
She was humbled before the Lord Says Sur. [36]

गए स्याम ग्वालिनि घर सुनैं।
माखन खाइ, डारि सब गोरस, बासन फारि किए सब चूनै।
बड़ौ माट इक बहुत दिननि कौ, ताहि कर्‌यौ दस टूक।
सोवत लरिकनि छिरकि मही सौं, हंसत चले दै कूक।।
आइ गई ग्वालिनि तिहिं औसर; निकसत हरि धरि पाए।
देखे घर बासन सब फूटे, दूध दही ढरकाए।।
दोउ भुज धरि गाढैं करि लीन्हे, गई महरि के आगैं।
सूरदास अब बसै कौन ह्यां, पति रहिहै ब्रज त्यागैं।। [37]

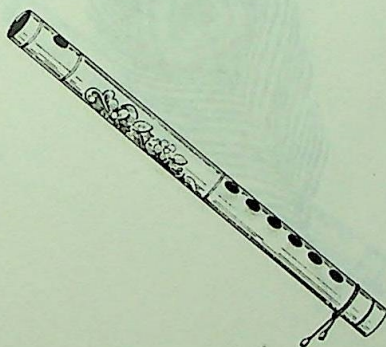
Shyam entered the *gvalin's* house in her absence
He tasted her butter, he spilt all the milk;
Broke the utensils, and pitchers to bits!
An old earthen pot, very old it was,
He broke it into pieces!
Sprinkling curd on the sleeping children,
He smiled and stepped out jubilant.
On the spur of that moment the *gvalin* returned.
She caught hold of *Hari*, as he stepped out.
She sighed, "All my utensils are broken
All the milk and curd spread over."
She held him tight by his arm
And brought him to mother Yashoda.
Sur says, she complained, "Who'll bear such humiliation?
It would be better if we all leave Braja". [37]

मैया मैं नहिं माखन खायौ।
ख्याल परैं ये सखा सबै मिलि, मेरैं मुख लपटायौ।।
देखि तुही सीं के पर भाजन, ऊंचै धरि लटकायौ।
हौं जु कहत नान्हे कर अपनैं में कैसैं करि पायौ।।
मुख दधि पोंछि, बुद्धि इक कीन्ही, दोना पीठि दुरायौ।
डारि सांटि, मुसुकाइ जसोदा, स्यामहिं कंठ लगायौ।।
बाल-बिनोद-मोद मन मोह्यौ, भक्ति-प्रताप दिखायौ।
सूरदास जसुमति कौ यह सुख, सिव बिरंचि नहिं पायौ।। [38]

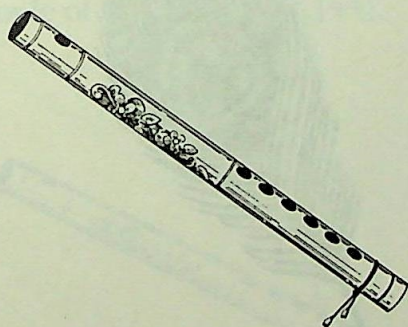
Mother, I've not eaten butter.
I recall, friends circled around me
And smeared my face with butter.
You can see, the pots are kept
Pensiled from the ceiling.
Look, my hands are so very small,
How could I reach that high?
Wiping off butter from his mouth,
Slyly, he concealed the leaf-cup behind.
Yashoda smiled, she dropped the cane,
Enchanted by the pranks of her child,
Oh, her heart was so overwhelmed
She embraced him in endearing love.
Sur says, this spontaneous bliss of Yashoda,
Is denied even to Shiva and Brahma. [38]

तबहिं स्याम इक बुद्धि उपाई।
जुवती गई घरनि सब अपनैं, गृह-कारज जननी अटकाई।।
आपु गए जमलार्जुन-तरु-तर, परसत पात उठे झहराई।
दिए गिराइ घरनि दोऊ तरु सुत कुबेर के प्रगटे आई।।
दोउ कर जोरि करत दोउ अस्तुति, चारि भुजा तिन्ह प्रगट दिखाई।
सूर धन्य ब्रज जनम लियौ हरि, धरनी की आपदा नसाई।। [39]

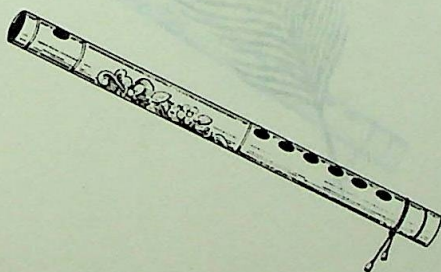
Shyam hit upon a novel idea.
All the young maids were back in their homes,
Mother was engaged in her chores.
He went under the *Yamalarjuna* tree,
On his touch the leaves came whirling down.
He toppled the trees to the ground.
There appeared, two sons of *Kubera*,
With folded palms they offerd prayers.
The Lord revealed His cosmic form to them.
Blessed is Braja where Hari is born
To relieve the earth of its miseries, says Sur. [39]

स्याम सखां कौं गेंद चलाई।
श्रीदामा मुरि अंग बचायौ, गेंद परी कालीदह जाई।।
धाइ गही तब फेंट स्याम की, देहु न मेरी गेंद मंगाई।
और सखा जनि मोकौं जानौ, मासौं तुम जनि करौ ढिठाई।।
जानि-बूझि तुम गेंद गिराई, अब दीन्हैं ही बनै कन्हाई।
सूर सखा सब हंसत परसपर, भली करी हरि गेंद गंवाई।। [40]

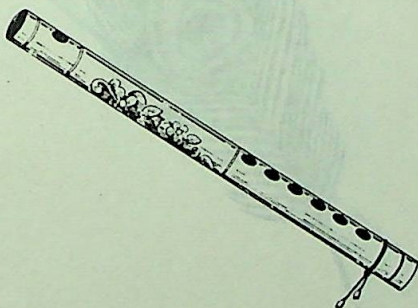
Shyam, aimed the ball at his friend.
Sridama moved aside, escaped the throw.
The ball fell straight into the Yamuna.
He rushed, caught hold of Shyam's clothes.
"Get me my ball at once.
You've deliberately thrown it away.
Don't be a banter anymore.
You will have to bring it for me."
The other friends laughed scoffingly.
"Its good *Hari* has lost the ball" says Sur. [40]

रिस करि लीन्ही फेट छुड़ाइ।
सखा सबै देखत हैं ठाढ़े, आपुन चढ़े कदम पर धाइ।।
तारी दै-दै हंसत सबै मिलि, स्याम गए तुम भाजि डराइ।
रोवत चले श्रीदामा घर कौं, जसुमति आगैं कहिहौं जाइ।।
सखा सखा कहि स्याम पुकार्यौ, गेंद आपनौ लेह न आइ।
सूर स्याम पीतांबर काछे, कूदि परे दह में भहराइ।। [41]

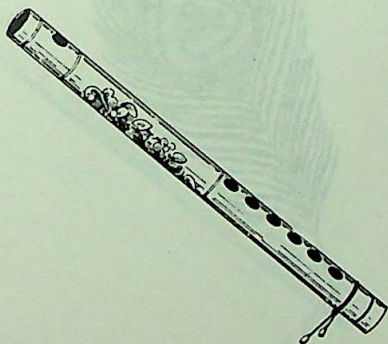
Annoyed Hari freed himself in a trice.
As all the friends stood staring,
He ran up and climbed the *Kadamba* tree,
While all were clapping and jeering.
"Shyam you've cowardly retreated scared."
Weeping Sridama started homewards,
"I'll report your mischief to Yashoda."
"Friend, go not home", Shyam implored.
"I'll bring back the ball, don't complain!"
Sur says, Krishna pulled up his clothes,
Dived with a splash into the deep river. [41]

गोपाल राइ निरतत फन प्रति ऐसे।
गिरि पर आए बादर देखत, मोर अनंदित जैसे।।
डोलत मुकुट सीस पर हरि के, कुंडल मंडित गंड।
पीत बसन, दामिनि मनु घन पर, तापर सुर-कोदंड।।
उरग-नारि आगैं सब ठाढ़ीं, मुख-मुख अस्तुति गावैं।
सूर स्याम अपराध छमहु अब, हम मांगै पति पावैं।। [42]

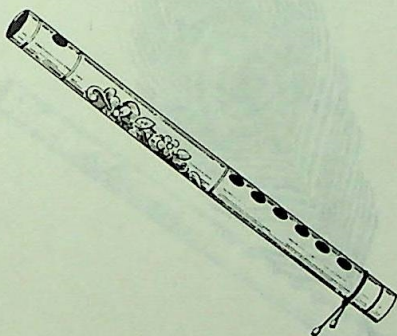
Lord Gopal danced on the *Kaliya's* hoods,
Like the delighted, peacock beholding
Swirling clouds on the mountains.
A crest swayed over the head of *Hari*,
While earings glowed on his ears.
Saffron clothes dazzled like lightning in clouds,
Adorned by beauteous bending rainbows!
Serpent-wives stood in supplication before him.
They sang devout prayers in his praises,
Entreating, "Shyam now pardon his sins;
Spare the life of our husband" says Sur. [42]

अति सुंदर नंद महर-ढुटौना।
निरखि-निरखि ब्रजनारि कहति सब यह जानत कछु टौना।।
कपट रूप की त्रिया निपाती, तबहिं रह्यौ अति छौना।
द्वार सिला पर पटकि तृना कौं, ह्वै आयौ जो पौना।।
अघा बकासुर तबहिं संहारयो, प्रथम कियौ बन-गौना।
सूर प्रगट गिरि धर्‍यौ बाम कर, हम जानति बलि बौना।। [43]

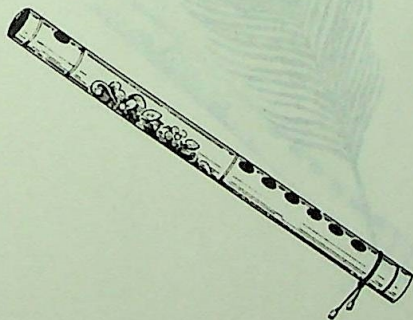
Extremely handsome is the son of Nanda.
Beholding him again and again, they said
He surely knows some charm.
He felled the woman in her fraudulent form,
When he was just a little baby.
He dashed *Trina* on the stone threshhold,
When he came in the guise of a guest.
He slayed the demons *Agha* and *Baka*,
In his very first visit to the woods,
Sur says, he lifted the mount on his left hand,
We realise his strength though he looks so small. [43]

अब कैं राखि लेहु गोपाल।
दसहूं दिसा दुसह दावागिनि, उपजी है इहिं काल।।
पटकत बांस, कांस कुस चटकत, लटकत ताल तमाल।
उचटत अति अंगार, फुटत कर, झपटत लपट कराल।।
धूंम घूंघि बाढ़ी घर अंबर, चमकत बिच-बिच ज्वाल।
हरिन, बराह, मोर, चातक, पिक, जरत जीव बेहाल।।
जनि जिय डरहु, नैन मूंदहु सब, हंसि बोले नंदलाल।
सूर अगिनि सब बदन समानी, अभय किए ब्रज-बाल।। [44]

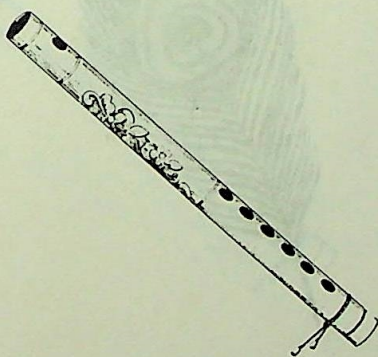
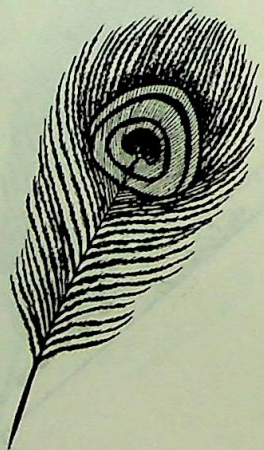
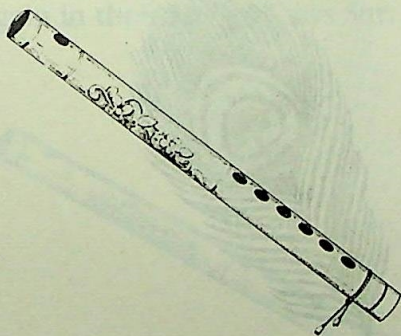
Gopal, save us now.
We are surrounded from all directions
By a fierce deadly forest-fire.
Burning bamboos, crackling *Kusa* and *Kauns*
Tal and *Tamal* trees topple down.
Fires leap out in a blazing glare,
Deadly flames flare up in roars.
Dense smoke rolls from earth to sky
With fire gleaming in between.
The deer, boars, peacocks, *chatakas,* cuckoos
All burn away in shrieking agony.
"Don't be afraid, just close your eyes"
Nandalal smiled, and told them all.
Sur says he absorbed all fire in himself.
Freed the people of Braja from fear. [44]

सखी री, मुरली लीजै चोरि।
जिनि गुपाल कीन्हे अपनैं बस, प्रीति सबनि की तोरि।।
छिन इक घर-भीतर, निसि-बासर, धरत न कबहूं छोरि।
कबहूं कर, कबहूं अधरनि, कटि कबहूं खोंसत जोरि।।
ना जानौं कछु मेलि मोहिनी, राखे अंग-अंग भोरि।
सूरदास प्रभु कौ मन सजनी, बंध्यौ राग की डोरि।। [45]

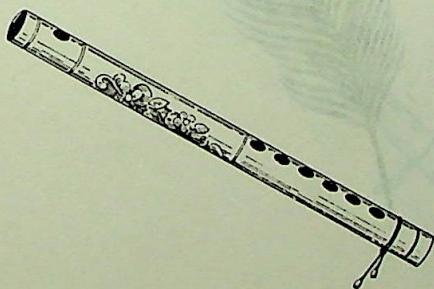
Sakhi, let us steal the flute.
It has enslaved Gopal, with its charms.
Snapping the bonds of our love.
Be it at home or outside, be it day or night
He never puts it aside for even a moment;
At times in his hand, at times on his lips,
At times tucked to his waist.
We know not what spell it has cast,
That he is so oblivious of himself.
Sur says Óh! Friend his entire heart,
Is bound by the twines of its tunes. [45]

बूझत स्याम कौन तू गोरी।
कहां रहति, काकी है बेटी, देखी नहीं कहूं ब्रज-खोरी।
काहै कौं हम ब्रज-तन आवतिं, खेलति रहहिं आपनी पौरी।
सुनत रहतिं स्रवनति नंद-ढोटा, करत फिरत माखनदधि-चोरी।।
तुम्हरौ कहा चोरि हम लैंहैं, खेलन चलो संग मिलि जोरी।
सूरदास प्रभु रसिक-सिरोमनि, बातनि भुरइ राधिका भोरी।। [46]

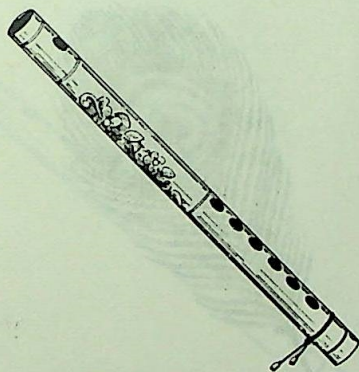
Shyam enquires, "Fair one! who are you?
Where do you live? Whose daughter are you?
I've never seen you in the lanes of Braja"
"Why should I ever come to Braja?
We're playing in our own compound!
I often hear. the son of Nanda.
Goes about stealing curd and butter."
"Well, what did I ever steal of you?
Come let us both play together."
Sur says, the Lord is the coronal of Love!
He lured innocent Radha by his words! [46]

मेरौ कह्यौ सत्य करि जानौ।
जो चाहौ ब्रज की कुसलाई, तौ गोबर्धन मानौ।।
दूध दही तुम कितनौ लैहौ, गोसुत बढ़ैं अनेक।
कहा पूजि सुरपति सौं पायौ, छांड़ि देहु यह टेक।।
मुंह मांगे फल जौ तुम पावहु, तौ तुम मानहु मोहिं।
सूरदास प्रभु कहत ग्वाल सौं, सत्य बचन करि दोहि।। [47]

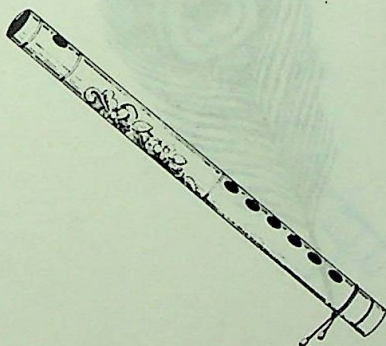
This is verily the truth I say,
If you desire the welfare of *Braja,*
Then worship the *Govardhana* mountain.
You'll be enriched with ample milk and curds.
The cows will deliver more calves.
What have you gained by worshipping *Indra?*
Give up this worn out convention.
When you obtain whatever you desire,
Then have faith only in me.
Sur says, the Lord exhorts the cowherds
To carry out His advice in deeds. [47]

जबहिं बन मुरली स्रवन परी।
चक्रित भईं गोपकन्या सब, काम धाम बिसरीं।।
कुल मर्जाद बेद की आज्ञा, नैंकुहुं नहीं डरीं।
स्याम-सिंधु-सरिता-ललना गन, जल की ढरनि ढरीं।।
अंग-मरदन करिबे कौं लागीं, उबटन तेल धरी।
जो जिहीं भांति चली सौ तैसेंहि, निसि बन कौं जु खरी।
सुत-पति-नेह, भवन-जन-संका, लज्जा नाहिं करी।
सूरदास-प्रभु मन हरि लीन्हौं, नागर नवल हरी।। [48]

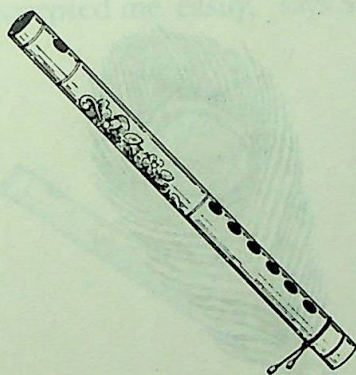
When the flute was heard in the woods,
All the milk-maids were bewildered,
Oblivious of their chores and homes,
All family-norms and vedic-codes,
They were not afraid of these, in the least.
Shyam was the ocean, young maids streams,
All mingled in the swelling waters.
Those who had started preparing themselves
For anoiting their bodies with oil,
In whatever condition they were, they hastened,
To the forest in the dead of night.
They were not apprehensive in the least
Of their beloved sons, husbands, and people.
Surdas says their hearts were fully captivated.
By the irresistible flute-call of charming Hari. [48]

जब हरि मुरली-नाद प्रकास्यौ।
जंगम जड़, थावर चर कीन्हे, पाहन जलज बिकास्यौ।।
स्वर्ग पताल दसौं दिसि पूरन, ध्वनि-आच्छादित कीन्हौ।
निसि हरि कल्प समान बढ़ाई, गोपिनि कौं सुख दीन्हौ।।
मैमत भए जीव जल-थल के तनु की सुधि न सम्हार।
सूर स्याम-मुख बेनु मधुर सुनि, उलटे सब व्यवहार।। [49]

When Hari played luscent notes on his flute,
The inanimate instantly turned animate,
The insentient stones bloomed into lotuses.
The heavens, hades and all the directions
Were filled with the sweetest, melodious notes.
Hari lengthened the night into a long epoch
As he imparted supreme bliss to the Gopis.
Entranced living creatures of land and water
Were thrilled with joy, forgetting themselves,
Listening to the sweet flute-notes of Shyam,
Worldly phenomenon was reversed, says Sur. [49]

आजु हरि अद्भुत रास उपायौ।
एकहिं सुर सब मोहित कीन्हे, मुरली नाद सुनायौ।।
अचल चले, चल थकित भए, सब मुनिजन ध्यान भुलायौ।
चचल पवन थक्यौ नहिं डोलत, जमुना उलटि बहायौ।।
थकित भयौ चन्द्रमा सहित-मृग, सुधा-समुद्र बढ़ायौ।
सूर स्याम गोपिनि सुखदायक, लायक दरस बढ़ायौ। [50]

Today Hari celebrated a wondrous *Rāsa.*
With a single note of his melodious flute,
He has enchanted each and every one.
The stationary moved, the moving paused,
All the sages in meditation were distracted.
The bustling breeze stood still enthralled,
Even the Yamuna flowed obversely.
The moon along with the deer was weary,
The sea swelled up with nectar.
Sur says, Shyam, bestowed bliss to Gopis
Imbued each with cherished Revelation! [50]

दुलहिनि दूलह स्यामा स्याम।
कोक-कला-ब्युतपन्न, परस्पर, देखत लज्जित काम।।
जा फल कौं, ब्रजनारि कियौ व्रत, सो फल सबहिनि दीन्हौ।
मनकामना भई परिपूरन, सबहिनि मानि जू लीन्हौ।।
राग-रागिनी प्रकट दिखायौ, गायौ जो जिहि रूप।
सप्त सुरनि के भेद बतावति, नागरि रूप-अनूप।।
अतिहि सुघर पिय कौ मन मोहति, अपबस करति रिझावति।
सूर-स्याम मोहनि-मूरति कौं, बार-बार उर लावति।।[51]

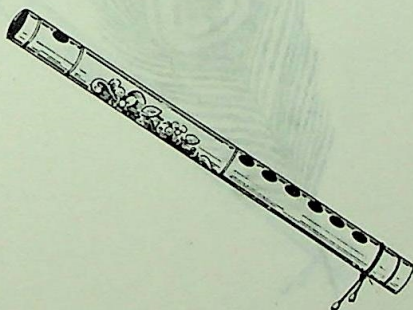
Bride and bridegroom are Shyama and Shyam.
Beholding them mutually absorbed in love,
Even *Kama* was extremely humbled.
The desires for which Braja-women craved,
He benignly bestowed to all of them.
All their wishes were amply fulfilled.
Everyone was pleased in her heart.
Whatever songs they liked to sing,
Were well-set in different melodies.
The Braja-women of exquisite beauty
Rendered nuances of the notes in songs.
They lured and charmed beloved Shyam;
They enraptured him by their love.
"They enshrined the winsome beauty of Lord,
Again and again in their hearts," says Sur. [51]

बसौ मेरे नैनति मैं यह जोरी।
सुंदर स्याम कमल-दल लोचन, संग व्रषभानु-किसोरी।।
मोर कुमुट, मकराकृत कुंडल पीतांबर झकझोरी।
सूरदास-प्रभु तुम्हरे दरस कौं, का बरनौं मति थोरी।।[52]

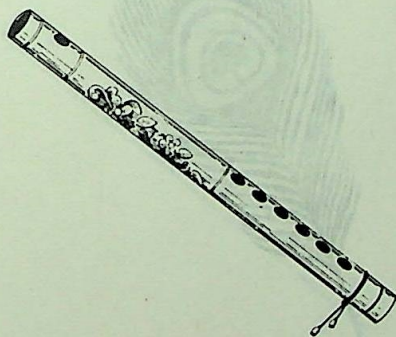
Let the Divine couple dwell in my eyes.
Handsome Shyam with lotus-like eyes,
Along with the lovely daughter of *Brishabhanu*.
His peacock-crest, *makara*-shaped earings,
His dazzling saffron raiment!
Sur says, how can I aptly describe, Lord,
Your revelation, with my paltry intelligence? [52]

अधर-रस मुरली लूटन लागी।
जा रस कौं षट रितु तप कीन्हौं, सो रस पियति सभागी।।
कहां रही, कहं तैं इहं आई, कौनैं याहि बुलाई?
चक्रित भई कहतिं ब्रजबासिनि, यह तौ भली न आई।।
सावधान क्यौं होति नहीं तुम, उपजी बुरी बलाइ।
सूरदास-प्रभु हम पर ताकौ, कीन्हौ सौति बजाइ।। [53]

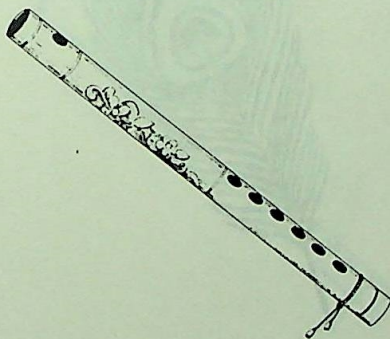
"The flute is absorbed in the rasa of his lips.
The *rasa* for which she penanced all the year,
Is drunk by the fortunate flute.
Where was she? From where has she come?
Who has invited her, to come over here?"
The dazed Braja-women said in envy,
"Her coming doesn't auger well for us.
Why don't you all become alert now?
Evil days have surely set in".
Sur says, "Lord though you cast glances at us,
Yet you grant endearing love to our rival." [53]

जनि बोलै पपिहा, हौं डाढ़ी।
पैले पार कान्ह बंसुरी बजावै, उले पार बिरहिनि ठाढ़ी।।
कहा करौं, कैसें आवौं सखि, नैन-नीर-जमुना बाढ़ी।
सूरदास-प्रभु तुम्हरे दरस कौं, मैन-प्रीति अतिहिं गाढ़ी। [54]

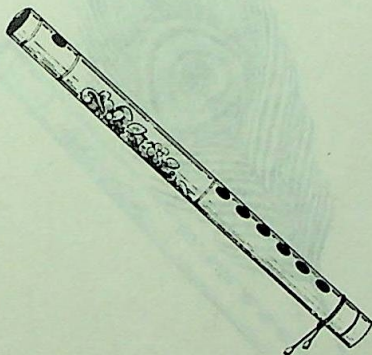
Papiha don't sing I'm scorched in agony.
On yonder bank *Kanha* plays the flute.
On this bank waits his yearning beloved.
"What can I do? How can I come friend?
Eyes're gushing tears as Yamuna in spate!
Sur says, Lord for your divine *darshan*,
Unfathomable love swells in the eyes. [54]

मेरे दुख कौ ओर नहीं।
षट रितु सीत उष्न बरषा मैं, ठाढ़े पाई रही।।
कसकी नहीं नैकहूं काटत, धामैं राखी डारि।
अगिनि-सुलाक देत नहिं मुरकी, बेह बनावत जारि।।
तुम जानति मोहि बांस बसुरिया, अगिनि छाप दै आई।
सूर स्याम ऐसें तुम लेहु न, खिझति कहा हौ माई।। [55]

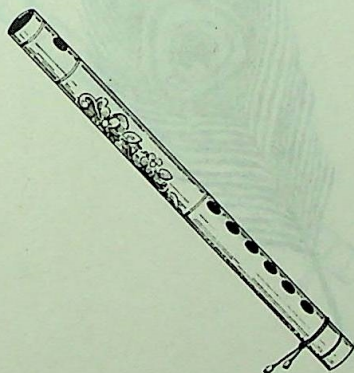
The Flute submits :

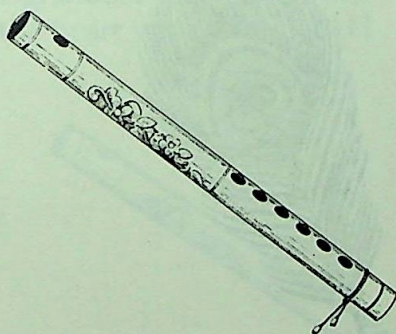
"There is no end to my tribulations,
In all the seasons winter, summer, monsoon,
I have stood in austerity unmoved.
I didn't even whimper when cruely severed,
I was thrown in the scorching heat for seasoning.
I've endured the agony of fiery piercing
With hot iron piercers for cleaving in holes.
You think I'm merely a bamboo-flute
But I've passed through such severe fire-ordeals.
Why are you so annoyed with me, friends,
Shyam hasn't accepted me easily," says Sur. [55]

कमल-मुख सोभित सुंदर बेनु।
मोहन राग बजावत गावत, आवत चारे धेनु।।
कुंचित केस सुदेस बदन पर, जनु साज्यौ अलि सैन।
सहि न सकत मुरली मधु पीवत, चाहत अपनौ ऐन।।
भ्रकुटि मनौ कर चाप आपुल लै, भयौ सहायक मैन।
सूरदास-प्रभु-अधर-सुधा-लगि, उपज्यौ कठिन कुचैन।। [56]

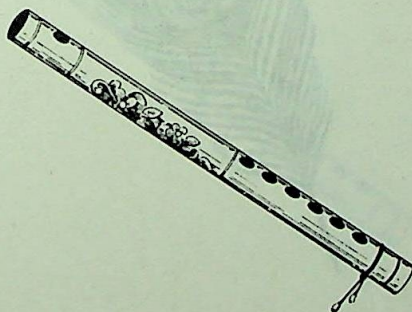
A Beautiful flute adorns his lotus-face.
Mohan plays melodious tunes and sings
As he comes along grazing the cows.
Curly hair surrounding his charming face,
Appear like an arrayed army of honey-bees.
They're unable to bear, flute drinking honey
Which is their exclusive right indeed.
Madan has come to offer help to them,
Carrying the bow of the arched eye-brows.
Surdas says, for the nectar of the Lord's lips
There is so much restive uneasiness. [56]

कोउ माई लैहै री गोपालहिं।
दधि कौ नाम स्यामसुंदर रस, बिसरि गयौ ब्रज-बालहिं।।
मटुकी सीस, फिरति ब्रज-बीथिनि, बोलति बचन रसालहिं।
उफनत तक्र चहूं दिसि चितवत, चित लाग्यौ नंद-लालहि।।
हंसति, रिसाति, बुलावति, बरजति देखहु इनकी चालहिं।
सूर, स्याम बिनु और न भावै, या बिरहिनि बेहालहिं।। [57]

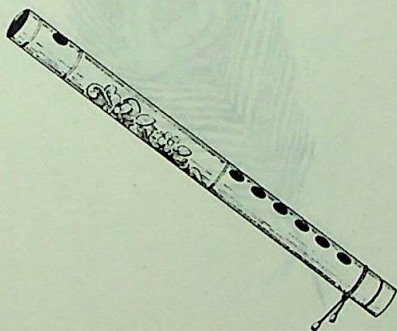
"Oh! will anyone purchase Gopal?"
Steeped in the *rasa* of *Shyamsundar,*
The Gopi forgot she was selling curds.
With pots on her head, in the lanes of *Vrindavan,*
She was calling in her sweetest voice.
Butter-milk dripped as she looked all around,
Her heart was enticed by Nandalal.
She smiled, she sulked, she entreated,
She scolded, behold her lovely wiles.
Sur says, Shyam alone can appease her,
This *Virahini* is helpless with remorse. [57]

अब तौ प्रकट भई जग जानी।
वा मोहन सौं प्रीति निरंतर, क्यौंऽब रहैगी छानी।।
कहा करौं सुंदर मूरति, इन नैननि मांझ समानी।
निकसति नहीं बहुत पचिहारी, रामे रोम अरूझानी।।
अब कैसैं निरवारि जाति है, मिली दूध ज्यौं पानी।
सूरदास प्रभु अंतरजामी, उर अंतर की जानी।। [58]

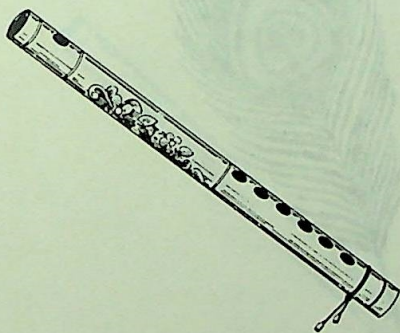
It is an open secret now.
Perennial is our love for *Mohan*,
How can it remain, concealed any more!
What can I do his bewitching beauty,
Has delved deep within my eyes.
It cannot be pulled out, I've tried a lot,
It is tangled all the more in every pore.
How can it be separated now?
' Tis mingled like milk and water.
Sur says, Lord you're enshrined in every heart,
You know the inmost secrets of all! [58]

चितवनि रोकैं हूं न रही।
स्याम सुंदर-सिंधु-सनमुख, सरिता उमंगि बही।।
प्रेम-सलिल-प्रवाह भंवरनि, मिति न कबहुं लही।
लोभ-लहर-कटाच्छ, घूंघट-पट-करार ढही।।
थके पल पथ, नावधीरज परति नहिन गही।
मिली 'सूर' सुभाव स्यामहिं, फेरिहू न चही।। [59]

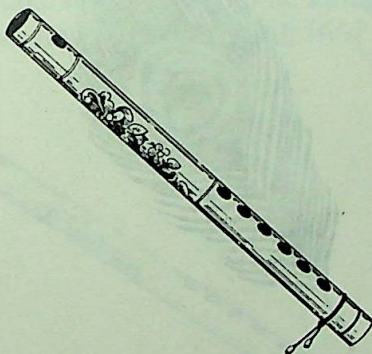
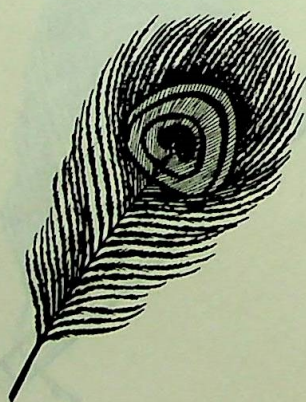
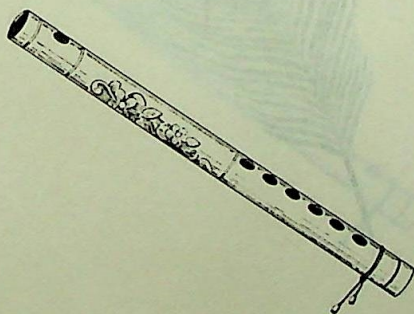
Restive love-glances couldn't be restrained.
Before the ocean of *Shyamsundar*,
They flowed like gushing rivers,
The Swirling-currents of waters of love,
Flowed endlessly in the spiral whirls.
Greedy love-glances of the waves,
Cast away their shrouding veils.
Weary eye-lids in the boats of patience,
Could not prevent them from falling.
Sur says, they mingled with ease in Shyam
Like rivers desiring no return. [59]

सुंदर बोलत आवत बैन।
ना जानौं तिहिं समय सखी री, सब तन स्रवन कि नैन।।
रोम रोम मैं सब्द सुरति की, नख सिख लौं चख ऐन।
इते मान बानी चंचलता, सुनी न समुझी सैन।।
तब तकि जकि ह्वै रही चित्र सी, पल न लगत चित चैन।
सुनहु 'सूर' यह सांच कि संभ्रम, सुपन किधौं दिठ रैन।। [60]

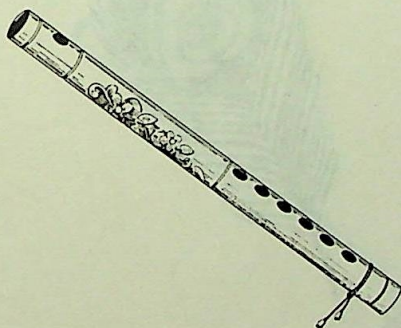
How Beautiful, he comes speaking so sweetly.
Friend, I know not, in that lovely moment,
Was my body all eyes or all ears!
Every pore listened to his melodious voice,
From crest to toe it beheld his beauteous form.
Such is the bewitching charm of his speech.
I couldn't comprehend his allusions.
I was stilled in ecstasy like a chiselled statue,
Even for an instant I wasn't at peace.
Sur says, listen, was it reality or an illusion
Was it a dream I perceived during the night? [60]

सजनी निरखि हरि कौ रूप।
मनसि बचसि बिचारि देखौ, अंग अंग अनूप।।
कुटिल केस सुदेस अलिगन, बदन सरदसरोज।
मकर-कुंडल-किरनि की छबि, दुरत फिरत मनोज।।
अरून अधर कपोल नासा, सुभग ईषद हास।
दसन की दुति तड़ित, नव ससि, भ्रकुटि मदनबिलास।।
अंग अंग अनंग जीते, रूचिर उर बनमाल।
'सूर' सोभा हृदय पूरन, देत सुख गोपाल।। [61]

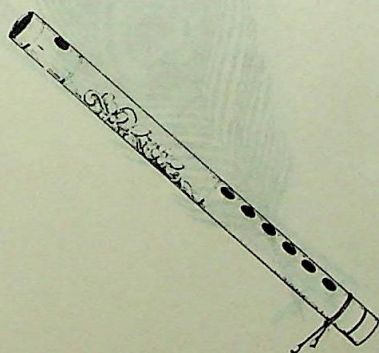
Friend, behold the beauty of Hari.
Just reflect in your mind and heart,
Exquisite is the charm of his every limb.
Curly locks cluster like swarming bees,
His face, is like a full-bloomed, autumnal-lotus.
The earnings sparkle like refulgent rays.
Oh! they humble the splendour of *Manoj.*
Rosy are his lips, cheeks and the nose.
Soft smiles beam with radiance.
His teeth dazzle like lightning flashes.
His crescent-brows arch like *Madan's* bow.
Nay every limb pales the charm of *Ananga.*
His beauty is enhanced by a garland.
Sur says, the grandeur of Gopal's glory
Entrances the heart with delight. [61]

जौ बिधना अपबस करि पाऊ।
तौ सखि कह्यौ होइ कछु तेनौ, अपनी साध पुराऊँ।।
लोचन रोम-रोम प्रति मांगौं, पुनि त्रास दिखाऊं।
इकटक रहैं पलक नहिं लागै पद्धति नई चलाऊं।।
कहा करौं छबि-रासि स्यामघन, लोचन द्वै नहिं ठाऊं।
एते पर ये निमिष "सूर" पुनि, यह दुख काहि सुनाऊं।। [62]

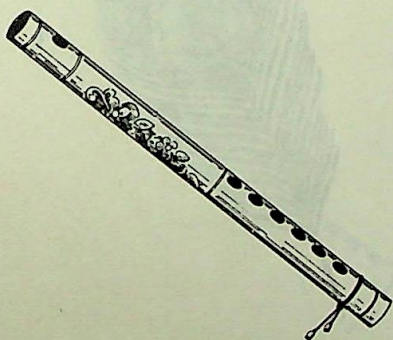
Some how if I can bring them in control.
Then alone I can do a little of what you suggest.
And fulfill what I have in mind.
I'll entreat, my every pore to be turned into eyes,
I'll discipline them again and again,
To behold with unblinking eyes.
This will indeed be my novel approach. .
What can I do infinite beauty of *Ghanashyam*,
Can't be contained in these paltry eyes.
The blinking eye-lids obstruct again and again.
To whom should I narrate this agony? Sur says. [62]

नैन भए बोहित के काग।
उड़ि उड़ि जात पार नहिं पावत, फिरि आवत तिहि लाग।।
ऐसी दसा भई री इनकी, अब लागे पछितान।
मो बरजत बरजत उठि धाए, नहिं पायौ अनुमान।।
वह समुद्र ये ओछे बासन, धरैं कहां सुखरासि।
सुनहु 'सूर' ये चतुर कहावत, वह छबि महा प्रकासि।। [63]

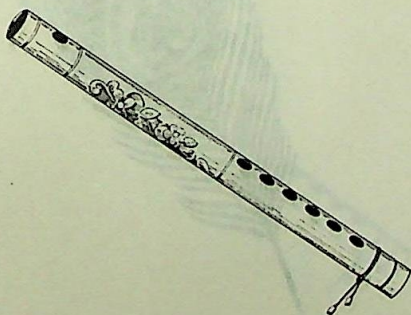
Eyes have become like a rook on a ship.
Repeatedly it flies but sees no end
Baffled it returns in despair.
Such indeed is the plight of these eyes,
They are repenting now in remorse.
Inspite of my cautioning they restlessly fly,
Unable to gauge the enormous expanse.
He is the ocean, they are paltry pots,
How can they contain infinite bliss?
Sur says listen to the wise saying,
His form is supreme refulgence. [63]

खंजन नैन सुरंग रसमाते।
अतिसय चारु बिमल, चंचल ये, पलपिंजिरा न समाते।।
बसे कहूं सोइ बात सखी, कहि रहे इहां किहिं नातैं?
सोइ संज्ञा देखति औरासी, बिकल उदास कला तै।।
चलि चलि जात निकट स्रवननि के सकि ताटंक फंदाते।
'सूरदास' अंजन गुन अटके, नतरू कबै उड़ि जाते।। [64]

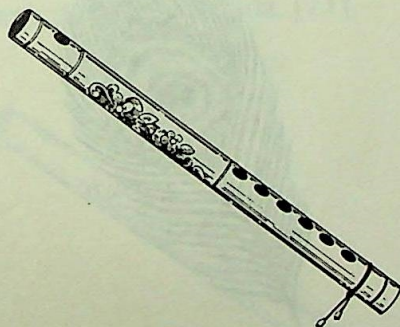
Khanjan-like eyes are drenched in *rasa*!
They are lovely, peerless and flurried.
They can't be caged even for a moment,
Friend, they are tarrying elsewhere.
Why should they stay over here?
On gaining awareness they become dejected,
Distraught by the anguish of love.
Again and again they rush to the ears
But return beholding the snare of earings.
They're so balked by the thread of collyrium,
Else they'd have flown away ere long, says Sur. [64]

यह ऋतु रूसिबे की नाहीं।
बरषत मेघ मेदिनी कै हित, प्रीतम हरषि मिलाहीं।।
जेती बेलि ग्रीष्म ऋतु डाहीं, ते तरवर लपटाहीं।
जे जल बिनु सरिता ते पूरन, मिलन समुद्रहिं जाहीं।।
जोबन धन है दिवस चारि कौ, ज्यौं बदरी की छाहीं।
मैं दंपति-रस-रीति कही है, समुझि चतुर मन माहीं।।
यह चित धरि री सखी राधिका, दै दूती कौं बाहीं।
'सूरदास' उठि चलि री प्यारी, मेरैं संग पिय पाहीं।। [65]

This is not the season for darling-anger.
The clouds are raining for the welfare of all,
They'll joyously unite you with your beloved.
Like the creepers scorched by summer heat
Entwining around their beloved trees.
The rivers that were without any water
Are aflow, rushing to meet the ocean.
Ebullient youth lasts only for few days,
Like the fleeting shadows of the clouds.
I have alluded to conjugal love,
You are wise enough to understand.
Radha, my friend, take this to your heart,
Send your love-errand with a messenger.
Sur says, oh, Radha, now please come along,
Go with your escort to your beloved! [65]

तेरैं आवैंगे आज सखी हरि, खेलन कौं फाग री।
सगुन संदेसौ हौं सुन्यौं, तेरैं आंगन बोलै काग री।।
मदनमोहन तेरैं बस माई, सुनि राधे बड़भाग री।
बाजत ताल मृदंग झांझ डफ, का सोवै, उठि जाग री।।
चोवा चंदन लै कुमकुम अरू, केसरि पैयां लाग री।
'सूरदास' प्रभु तुम्हरे दरस कौं, राधा अचल सुहाग री।। [66]

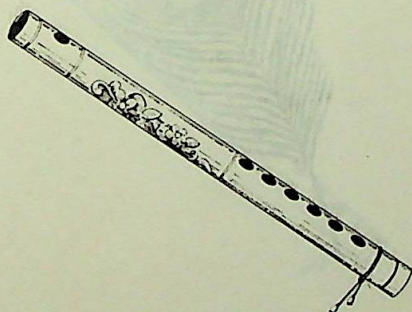
Sakhi, today Hari will surely come,
To play Holi with you.
I have known this auspicious omen,
A crow, was cawing in your courtyard.
Oh! Is not *Manmohan* charmed by you?
Listen *Radha,* you are extremely fortunate!
Why are you still sleeping? Awake, at once,
We hear beats of *mridanga,* cymbals, tambourine.
Take up this fragrant *Chandan* and *Kumkum,*
Adorn your feet with saffron.
Sur says, Radha is His eternal Bride,
Waiting for the darshan of her Lord. [66]

बिछुरत श्री ब्रजराज आजु, इनि नैननि की परतीति गई।
उड़ि न गए हरि संग तबहिं तैं, ह्वै न गए सखि स्याम मई।
रूप रसिक लालची कहावत, सो करनी कछुवै न भई।
सांचे क्रूर कुटिल ये लोचन, वृथा मीन छबि छीन लई।।
अब काहैं जल मोचत, सोचत, समौ गए तैं सूल नई।
'सूरदास' याही तैं जड़ भए, पलकनिहूं हठि दगा दई।। [67]

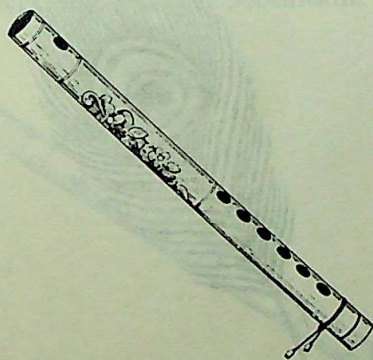
With the departure of the Darling of *Braja*,
These eyes are not trustworthy any more.
They did not fly away with Hari,
Friend they are no more with Shyam.
They are known to be greedy for beauty,
We have seen nothing of this kind at all!
'Tis true these eyes are wily and wicked;
They wantonly snatch the beauty of fish's eyes.
Why grieve now trickling tears of remorse?
'Tis past, new agony cleaves like a thorn.
Surdas says, they've become insentient,
Betrayed by the obstinate eye-lids. [67]

जै जै धुनि तिहुं लोक भई।
मार्‌यौ कंस धरनि उद्धार्‌यौ, ओक ओक आनंदमई।।
रजक मारि कोदंड विभंज्यो, खेल करत गज प्रान लियौ।
मल्ल पछारि असुर संहारे, तुरत सबनि सुरलोक दियौ।।
पुर नर नारिनि कौं सुख दीन्हौं, जो जैसौ फल सोइ लह्यौ।
'सूर' धन्य जदुबंस उजागर, धन्य धन्य धुनि घुमरि रह्यौ। [68]

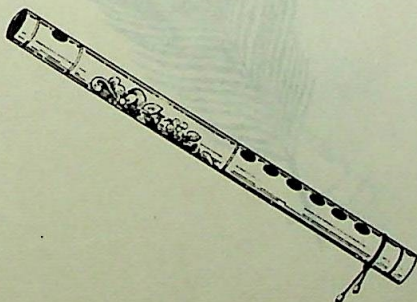
Victory exultations resounded everywhere.
Kamsa being killed, the earth was redeemed.
Rapturous joys spread in every home.
Slaying *Rajaka,* he broke the bow to pieces,
He killed the mighty elephant with ease.
Wrestlers thrown aghast, the demons slain,
They all were instantly sent to heaven.
He gave happiness to the people of the city,
All their needs were fulfilled.
Sur says, blessed is the saviour of the *Yadavas,*
Soaring joys echoed "Blessed! Blessed! [68]

जद्यपि मन समुझावत लोग।
सूल होत नवनीत देखि मेरे, मोहन के मुख जोग।।
प्रात काल उठि माखन रोटी, को बिनु मांगे दैहै।
को मेरे वा कान्ह कुंवर कौ, छिनु छिनु अंकम लैहै।।
कहियौ पथिक जाइ, घर आवहु, राम कृष्न दोउ भैया।
'सूर' स्याम कत होत दुखारी, जिनके मो सी मैया।। [69]

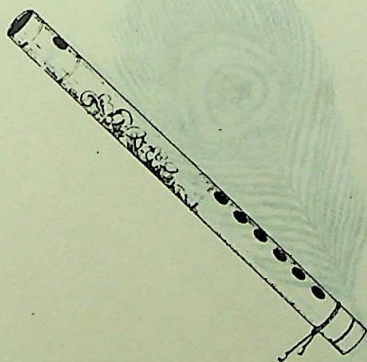
Yashoda says:
People do console me often!
Yet when I see butter, dear Mohan,
It cleaves my heart like a piercing thorn.
In early morn who will offer to him,
Butter and bread without his asking?
Who will take him in the lap and fondle him?
Oh my darling! My prince Kanhaiya!
Oh traveller; please entreat both the brothers,
Balaram and Krishna to return home.
"Shyam! Why do you endure such hardships?
When you have a mother like me" resents Sur. [69]

नाथ अनाथनि की सुधि लीजै।
गोपी, ग्वाल, गाइ, गोसुत सब, दीन मलीन दिनहिं दिन छीजै।।
नैननि जलधारा बाढ़ी अति, बूड़त ब्रज किन कर गहि लीजै।
इतनी विनती सुनहु हमारी, बारक हूं पतिया लिखि दीजै।।
चरन कमल दरसन नव नवका, करूनासिंधु जगत जस लीजे।
'सूरदास' प्रभु आस मिलन की, एक बार आवन ब्रज कीजै।। [70]

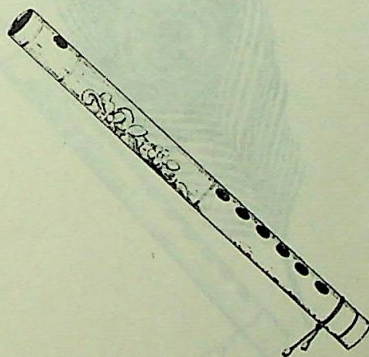
Lord, look after those in helpless plight.
Gopis, cowehrds, cows, calves and all,
Are poor and emaciated, wasting everyday.
From their eyes flow tears in a torrential flood,
Drowing entire *Braja*. Give them a helping hand.
Kindly listen to our earnest prayer,
Write a letter to us at least once.
The sight of your lotus feet is indeed a boat,
With your compassion it'll cross, the worldly ocean.
Surdas says, we eagerly hope to meet you, Lord!
We beseech you to come to Braja once. [70]

देखियति कालिंदी अति कारी।
अहौ पथिक कहियौ उन हरि सौं, भई बिरह जुर जारी।।
गिरिप्रजंक तैं गिरति धरनि धंसि, तरंग तरफ तन भारी।
तट बारू उपचार चूर, जलपूर प्रस्वेद पनारी।।
बिगलित कच कुस कांस कूल पर, पंक जू काजल सारी।
भौंर भ्रमत अति फिरति भ्रमित गति, दिसि दिसि दीन दुखारी।
निसि दिन चकई पिय जु रटति है, भई मनौ अनुहारी।
'सूरदास' प्रभु जो जमुना गति, सो गति भई हमारी।। [71]

Behold, Yamuna has become so dark.
Traveller, please convey this to Hari,
'Tis scorched by the fever of the pangs of *Viraha.*
From laps of mountains, it falls on earth.
Waves swell up excruciating pain in the body.
The sand on the bank is like medicinal powder,
Water's like pursaging perspiration aflow.
Kusa and *Kaunsa* are like dishevelled hair,
While the dark mire is the sari.
Erratic whirl-pools swirling all around,
Move in all directions, helpless in miserable plight,
Babbling like a *chakayi*, in delirium repeating
Her beloved's name day and night.
Surdas says Lord, our agony is very similar
To the one experienced by Yamuna. [71]

मधुबन तुम क्यौं रहत हरे।
बिरह बियोग स्याम सुंदर के ठाढ़े क्यौं न जरे।।
मोहन बेनु बजावत तुम तर, साखा टेकि खरे।
मोहे थावर अरु जड़ जंगम, मुनि जन ध्यान टरे।।
वह चितवनि तू मन न धरत है, फिरि फिरि पुहुप धरे।
'सूरदास' प्रभु बिरह दवानल, नख सिख लौं न जरे।। [72]

Madhuvan! Why are you still so green?
In the fiery pangs of Shyamsundar's separation
Why didn't you immolate yourself at once?
Mohan played on the flute under your shade,
By reclining himself on your branches;
Enchanted were animate, inanimate creations,
Even sages in meditation were enthralled.
You don't even recall His lovely image?
You shamelessly burst into flowers.
Sur says, in the conflagration of Lord's *viraha*,
Why don't you burn away in flames? [72]

सखी इन नैननि तैं घन हारे।
बिनहीं रितु बरषत निसि बासर, सदा मलिन दोउ तारे।।
ऊरध स्वास समीर तेज अति, सुख अनेक द्रुम डारे।
बदनसदन करि बसे बचनखग, दुख पावस के मारे।।
दुरि दुरि बूंद परत कचुकि पर, मिलि अंजन सौं कारे।।
मानौ परनकुटी सिव कीन्ही, बिबि मूरति धरि न्यारे।।
घुमरि घुमरि बरषत जल छांड़त, डर लागत अंधियारे।
बूड़त ब्रजहिं 'सूर' को राखै, बिनु गिरिवरधर प्यारे।। [73]

Sakhi! Clouds have retreated before these eyes.
Day and night they rain unseasonal showers.
Both pupils of the eyes remain dim all the time.
The heaving sighs are like the stormy gales,
Jolting all the joys like the severed trees!
Speech-birds seek refuge in the nest-like mouth,
Tormented by the sorrows of continuous tears.
Pattering showers fall on their *kanchukis*
Darkened by mingling with the colliriyum,
Appearing as if Shiva has built thatched huts,
Enshringing apart, His pair of idols.
Roaring thunders pour torrential water,
It is frightening to move in the dark.
Sur says who will save Braja from drowning,
Without our beloved, lifter of the Mountain? [73]

निसि दिन बरषत नैन हमारे।
सदा रहति बरषा रितु हम पर, जब तैं स्याम सिधारे।।
दृग अंजन न रहत निसि बासर, कर कपोल भए कारे।
कंचुकिपट सूखत नहिं कबहूं, उर बिच बहत पनारे।।
आंसू सलिल सबै भइ काया, पल न जात रिस टारे।
'सूरदास' प्रभु यहै परेखौ, गोकुल काहें बिसारे।। [74]

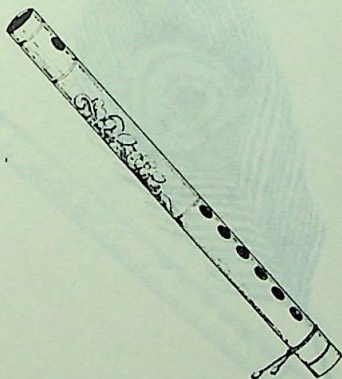
Our eyes shed tears day and night.
With us it is always the rainy season,
From the day Shyam, has left us.
Colliriyum doesn't stay within the eyes,
Our hands and cheeks get smudged.
The *Kanchuki* doesn't dry up at all,
As our hearts are trenched with tears.
Oh! our bodies are completely soaked,
Not an instant passes without dripping!
Surdas entreats Lord! behold our plight,
Why do you forget Gokul? [74]

(मेरे) नैना बिरह की बेलि बई।
सींचत नैन नीर के सजनी, मूल पताल गई।।
बिगसित लता सुभाइ आपनैं, छाया सघन भई।
अब कैसैं निरवारौं सजनी, सब तन पसरि छई।।
को जानै काहू के जिय की, छिन छिन होत नई।
'सूरदास' स्वामी के बिछुरैं, लागी प्रेम जई।। [75]

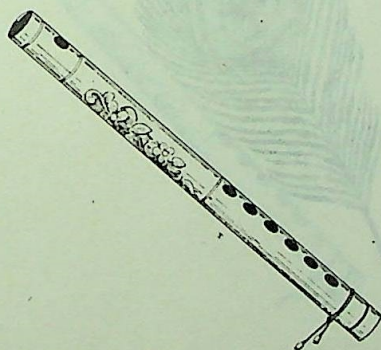
My eyes have become the creeper of *Viraha*.
Drenched with the sprinkling water of the eyes,
Its roots have reached the ṇether regions.
Pleased, it luxuriantly grows very fast.
Being very dense it accords soothing shade.
Now what can we do, we are so helpless,
It has spread around everywhere.
Who can know, what heaves in others' hearts,
It is so evanescent, changing every moment.
Surdas says, from the day the Lord has left us,
Waters of love are incessantly drizzling. [75]

बहुरौ भूलि न आंखि लगी।
सुपनैंहूं के सुख न सहि सकी, नींद जगाइ भगी।।
बहुत प्रकार निमेष लगाए, छुटी नहीं सठगी।
जनु हीरा हरि लियौ हाथ तै, ढोल बजाइ ठगी।।
कर मींड़ति पछिताति विचारति, इहिं बिधि निसा जगी।
वह मूरति वह सुख दिखरावें, सोई 'सूर' सगी।। [76]

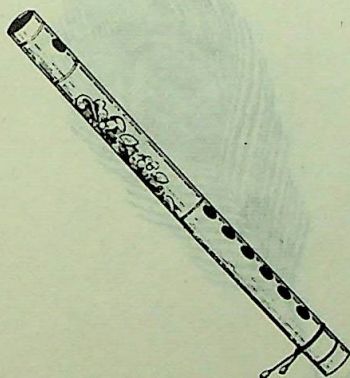
The eyes couldn't get even a nap.
Unable to tolerate the delight of dreams,
Sleep woke me up and fled away.
I tried to sleep again and again,
Being obstinate it did not concede.
'Tis like snatching away diamonds from the hand,
Duping in the open market-square.
With ringing hands and penitent musings,
They remained awake for the entire night.
Sur says, he alone is our true benefactor,
Who can restore to us that image of bliss. [76]

पिय बिनु नागिनि कारी रात।
जौ कहु जामिनि उवति जुन्हैया, डसि उलटी ह्वै जात।।
जंत्र न फुरत मंत्र नहिं लागत, प्रीति सिरानी जात।
'सूर' स्याम बिनु बिकल बिरहिनी, मुरि मुरि लहरैं खात।। [77]

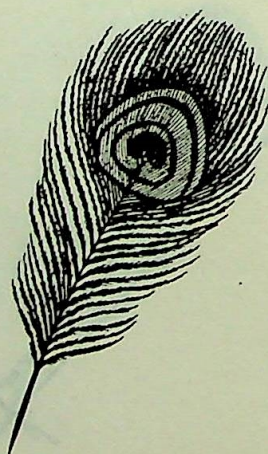
Without the beloved, dark night is a black *nagin*.[1]
But when moon-light illumines the night,
It appear's turning turtle after bite.
Yantras are ineffective, *mantras* futile,
Love ebbs away in cold frustration.
Sur says without Shyam, *virahini* is distraught,
She is writhing in excruciating pain! [77]

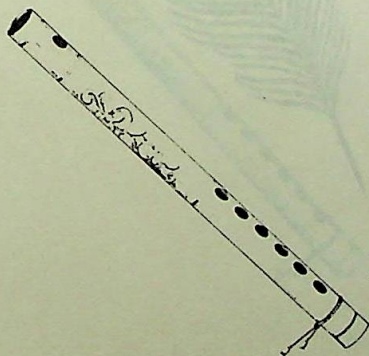
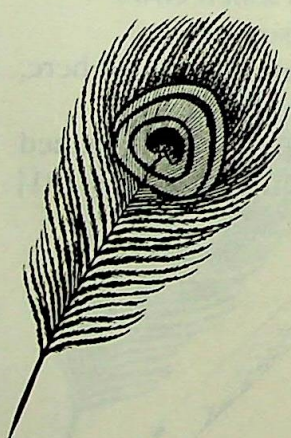
[1]Female serpent

संदेसनि मधुबन कूप भरे।
अपने तौ पठवत नहिं मोहन, हमरे फिरि न फिरे।।
जिते पथिक पठए मधुबन कौं, बहुरि न सोध करे।
कै वै स्याम सिखाइ प्रमोधे, कै कहुं बीच मरे।।
कागद गरे मेघ, मसि खूटी, सर दव लागि जरे।
सेवक 'सूर' लिखन कौ आंधौ, पलक कपाट अरे।। [78]

The wells of *Madhuvan* are filled with messages.
Yet Mohan doesn't send any letter to us.
The ones we send remain unresponded.,
The travellers carrying our messages to Madhuvan
Never come back to inform us.
We wonder, are they all so dissuaded by Shyam,
Or have all of them perished on the way?
Have clouds soaked all paper or is the ink
exhausted?
Have the forest-fires burnt all the reeds?
Devoted Sur is quite helpless, he can't write,
As his eyes are light denied. [78]

माइ मोरि मोरनि बैर परे।
घन गरजत बरज्यौ नहिं मानत, त्यौं त्यौं रटत खरे।।
करि करि प्रगट पंख हरि इनके, लै लै सीस धरे।
याही तैं न बदत बिरहिनि कौं, मोहन डीठ करे।।
को जानै काहैं तैं सजनी, हमसौं रहत अरे।
'सूरदास' परदेस बसे हरि, ये बन तैं न टरे।। [79]

Friend even the peacocks have become alien.
They carol all the more, joining roaring clouds,
They pay no heed to our pleadings at all.
Mohan gathered their feathers, held them together
And put them on his head as a crest.
That is precisely why they are so impudent,
Pampered by Hari, increase our agony in *viraha*.
We do not know friend, why they are so bent
On remaining at cross purposes with us.
Surdas says, since Hari is out elsewhere,
They have their sole sway in Braja. [79]

इक दिन मुरली स्याम बजाई।
मोहे सुर नर और सकल मुनि, उनै बदरिया आई।।
जमुना नीर प्रवाह थकित भयौ, चलै नहीं जु चलाई।
गाइनि के मुख दांतनि तृन रहे, बच्छ न छीर पिवाई।।
द्रुम बेली अनुराग पुलकि तनु, ससि थकि निसि न घटाई।
'सूरदास' प्रभु मिलिबैं कारन, चलीं सखी सुधि पाई।। [80]

Shyam once played on the flute.
The gods, men and sages were enthralled.
The clouds rushed sauntering overhead.
The flowing water of Yamuna become weary,
It could not move, though impelled.
Blades of grass remained in the mouths of cows,
Their calves could not suck any milk.
The trees and thickets were thrilled with love.
The tired moon paused, lengthening the night.
Sur says, the sakhi on regaining awareness.
Hastened to meet the Lord. [80]

ऊद्यौ इतनी कहियो जाइ।
हम आवैंगे दोऊ भैया, मैया जनि अकुलाइ।।
याकौ विलग बहुत हम मान्यौ, जो कहि पठयौ धाइ।
वह गुन हमकौं कहा बिसरिहै, बड़े किए पय प्याइ।।
अरू जब मिल्यौ नंद बाबा सौं, तब कहियो समुझाइ।
तौ लौं दुखी होन नहि पावैं, धौरी धूमरि गाइ।।
जद्यपि इहां अनेक भांति सुख, तदपि रह्यौ नहिं जाइ।
'सूरदास' देखौं ब्रजबासिनि, तबहीं हियौ सिराइ।। [81]

Udho, convey this message

We both brothers will certainly come.
Tell mother not to be so perturbed.
We're extremely sorry being away so long.
Hasten to inform her in earnest now.
How can we ever forget her endearing love.
She has nourished us with her own milk.
Do make it a point to meet Nanda Baba.
Gently convey to him our tender feelings.
See that our white and ashen cows
Suffer no sorrow whatsoever.
Though there is immense happiness here,
Yet we do not feel at home at all.
Sur says, our restive hearts will be calmed
Only when we behold the Brajvasins. [81]

कोउ माई आवत है तनु स्याम।
वैसे पट वैसिय रथ बैठनि, वैसीयै उर दाम।।
जो जैसे तैसैं उठि धाई, छांड़ि सकल गृह काम।
पुलक रोम गदगद तेहीं छन, सोभित अंग अभिराम।।
इतने बीच आइ गए ऊधौ, रहीं ठगी सब बाम।
'सूरदास' प्रभु ह्याँ कत आवैं, बंधे कुबिजा रसदाम।। [82]

Yonder comes some one of dark complexion.
Similar clothes, same sitting-style in the chariot,
The garland he wears is also akin to Shyam's.
They rushed in whatever condition they were
Setting aside all the ousehold chores.
Instantly their hair stiffened on every pore,
Overwhelmed, they blushed with beauty's glow.
That very moment *Udho* reached there,
All the women appeared bewildered, aghast.
Why will our Lord, now come here, says Sur,
He is enticed by the love-spell of *Kubja.* [82]

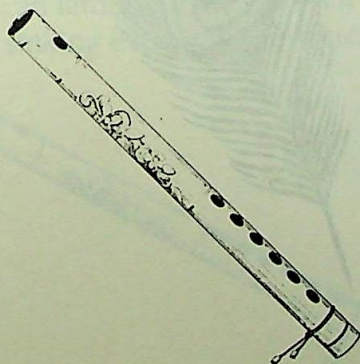
पाती मधुबन ही तैं आई।
सुंदर स्याम आपु लिखि पठई, आइ सुनौ री माई।।
अपने अपने गृह तैं दौरीं, लै पाती उर लाई।
नैननि निरखि निमेष न खंडित प्रेमतृषा न बुझाई।।
कहा करौं सूनौ यह गोकुल, हरि बिनु कछु न सुहाई।
'सूरदास' ब्रज कौन चूक तैं, स्याम सुरति बिसराई।। [83]

The letter has come from *Madhuvan.*
Shyamsundar has written it himself.
Oh! friends you all come and listen!
All the gopis rushed out of their houses,
Each pressed the letter to her heart.
They all beheld it with unblinking eyes,
Yet the instatible love wasn't quenched!
What can we do, whole Gokul appears a void,
Without Hari, nothing is pleasing at all.
Sur enquires, "What's precisely their fault
Why has Shyam forgotten Braja?" [83]

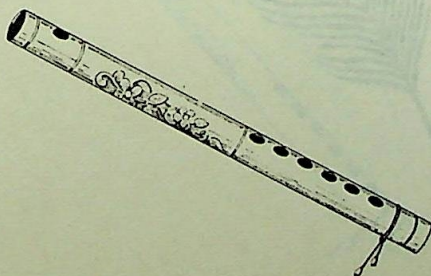
कोउ ब्रज बांचत नाहिंन पाती।
कत लिखि लिखि पठवत नंदनंदन कठिन बिरह की कांती।।
नैन सजल कागद अति कोमल, कर अंगुरी अति ताती।
परसैं जरै, बिलोकैं भींजै, दुहूं भांति दुख छाती।।
को बांचै ये अंक 'सूर' प्रभु, कठिन मदन-सर-घाती।
सब सुख लै गए स्याम मनोहर, हमकौं दुख दै थाती।। [84]

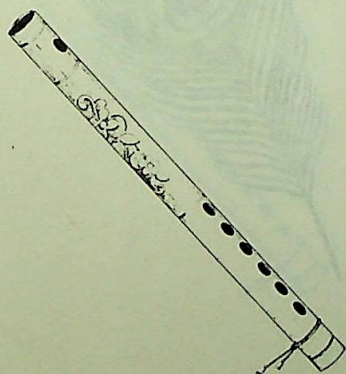
None could read the letter in Braja.
What does Krishna send in writing!
'Tis highly charged with the sting of *Viraha*.
Eyes trickling tears, soften the letter,
While fingers are so very hot.
On touching it burns, on beholding it wets;
Both cause excruciating pain in the heart.
Who could then read the words of Sur's Lord?
They are sharp; as the deadly arrows of *Madana*
All the joys are carried away by Shyamsundar
He has left us with heaps of piling sorrows! [84]

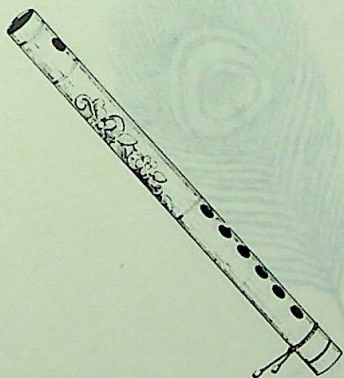
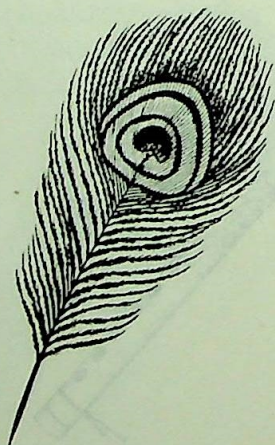
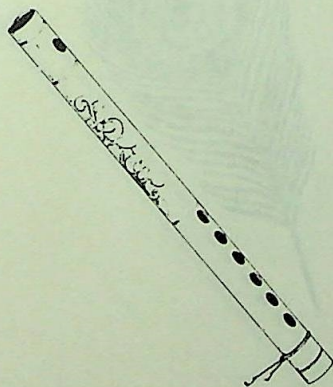
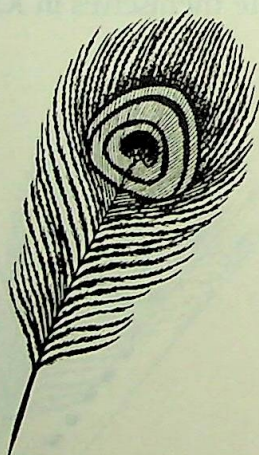
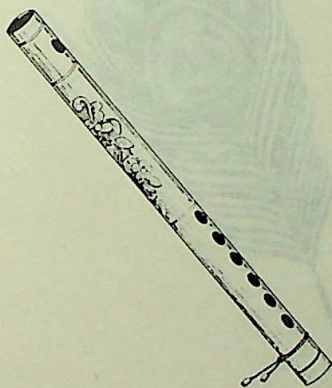
उधौ कहा करै लै पाती।
जौ लौं मदनगुपाल न देखैं, बिरह जरावत छाती।।
निमिष निमिष मोहिं बिसरत नाहीं, सरद सुहाई राती।
पीर हमारी जानत नाहीं, तुम हौ स्याम संघाती।।
यह पाती लै जाहु मधुपुरी, जहं वै बसैं सुजाती।
मन जु हमारे जहां लै गए, काम कठिन सर घाती।।
'सूरदास' प्रभु कहा चहत हैं, कोटिक बात सुहाती।
एक बेर मुख बहुरि दिखावहु, रहैं चरन-रज-राती।। [85]

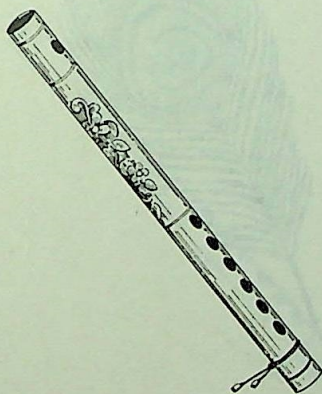
Udho, what will we do with this letter?
So long as we do not see our *Madangopal.*
His separation only increases heart-burn.
We aren't oblivious for even a moment
Of the enrapturing autumnal night!
You don't realise our anguish at all
After all you're a companion of Shyam.
Take back this letter to *Madhupuri*, please,
Where he lives surrounded by the nobles.
He has taken away, our heart with him
'Tis pierced by the deadly arrows of *Kama.*
Surdas desires to repeat oh Lord!
Those endless pleasant talks we'd had,
Show us your beauteous face once again
We'll be absorbed in the dust of your feet! [85]

सुनौ गोपी हरि कौ संदेस।
करि समाधि अंतरगति ध्यावहु, यह उनको उपदेश।।
वै अविगत अविनासी पूरन, सबघट रहे समाइ।
तत्व ज्ञान बिनु मुक्ति नहीं है, वेद पुराननि गाइ।।
सगुन रूप तजि निरगुन ध्यावहु, इक चित इक मन लाइ।
यह उपाइ करि बिरह तरौ तुम, मिलै ब्रह्म तब आइ।।
दुसह संदेस सुनत माधौ कौ, गोपी जन बिलखानी।
'सूर' बिरह की कौन चलावै, बूड़तिं मनु बिनु पानी।। [86]

Udho delivers Krishna's message to the Gopis

"Listen, *Gopis*," the message of *Hari*.
Meditate on Him in deep *Samadhi*.
This is precisely His crucial advice.
He is unknowable, enternal and perfect,
Residing in each and every heart.
There's no salvation without knowledge of
Brahman.
This is the perennial song of the Vedas!
Give up *Saguna*, contemplete on *Nirguna*
With single minded rapt meditation;
You'll cross the surging tide of *viraha*;
Then alone you will realise *Parabrahma*."
Hearing this unendurable message of Krishna,
The Gopis shed tears at his words.
Sur asks who can fathom depths of their *Viraha*.
They are as if sinking even without water. [86]

समुझि न परति तिहारी ऊधौ।
ज्यौं त्रिदोष उपजैं जक लागत, बोलत बचन न सूधौ।।
आपुन कौ उपचार करौ अति तब औरनि सिख देहु।
बड़ो रोग उपज्यौ है तुमकौं भवन सबारैं लेहु।।
ह्वां भेषज नाना भांतिन के, अरु मधुरिपु से बैद।
हम कातर डरपति अपनैं सिर, यह कलंक है खेद।।
सांची बात छांड़ि अलि तेरी, झूठी को अब सुनिहै।
'सूरदास' मुक्ताहल भोगी, हंस ज्वारि क्यौं चुनिहै।। [87]

Udho! We are unable to comprehend you!
It seems you are caught in a fit of delirium.
Aren't you talking very irrelevant?
Get yourself treated thoroughly for this ailment,
Before you prescribe any remedy to others.
You are suffering from a serious malady,
It is better you hasten to your home at once.
There are so many effective medicines in Mathura,
Specially when Krishna is the competent *Vaidya*,
Oh! We are extremely nervous and worried,
Scared of the taint, of your sinking health.
In the face of this stark truth,
Friend! Who will listen to your garrulous talk!
Sur says, swans fond of relishing pearls,
Why will they pick up grains of corn? [87]

ऊधौ हम आजु भई बड़ भागी।
जिन अंखिनि तुम स्याम बिलोके, ते अंखिया हम लागी।।
जैसें सुमन वास लैं आवत, पवन मधुप अनुरागी।
अति आनंद होत है तैसें, अंगअंग सुख रागी।।
ज्यौं दरपन मैं दरस देखियत, दृष्टि परम रूचि लागी।
तैसें 'सूर' मिले हरि हमकौं, विरहबिथा तनत्यागी।। [88]

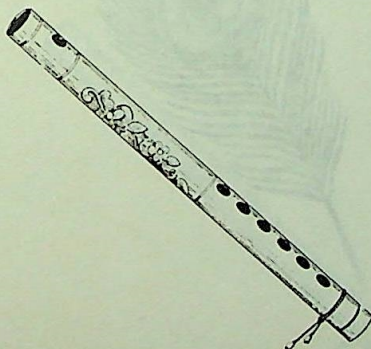
Udho! We are extremely fortunate today.
The eyes with which you saw Shyam,
Those very eyes we are beholding today.
Just as the breeze brings the fragrance,
Of flowers for it's beloved honey-bees,
Similary you bless us with ecstatic bliss
That touches every limb with his love;
Akin to the reflection in the mirror,
It gives immense joy to behold!
Likewise we've met Hari in your eyes,
We are freed from *Viraha's* pangs, says Sur. [88]

अंखियाँ हरि दरसन की प्यासी।
देख्यौ चाहतिं कमलनैन कौं निसिदिन रहतिं उदासी।।
आए ऊधौ फिरि गए आंगन, डारि गए गर फांसी।
केसरि तिलक मोतिनि की माला, वृंदावन के बासी।।
काहू के मन की कोउ जानत, लोगनि के मन हांसी।
'सूरदास' प्रभु तुम्हरे दरस कौं, करवत लैहौं कासी।। [89]

Eyes are athirst for the *darshan* of *Hari*,
They yearn to behold his lotus-eyes,
But are dismayed, day and night.
Udho! He came and ambled in our courtyard,
Put a noose of love around our necks.
Adorned with saffron tilak and pearl-garland,
He was residing in Vrindavan.
Who can ever fathom the heart of others?
People unknowingly jeer at them.
Sur says, they earnestly crave for his darshan,
Or else they'll immolate themselves in *Kashi*. [89]

मधुकर कहा सिखावन आयौ।
ए तौ नैन रूप रस रांचे, कह्यौ न करत परायौ।।
जोग जुगति हम कछू न जानैं, ना कछु ब्रह्मज्ञानौ।
नवकिसोर मोहन मृदु मूरति, तासौं मन उरझानौ।।
भली करी तुम आए ऊधौ, देखौ दसा बिचारी।
दाउं उपाउ मिलाइ सूर प्रभु, आरति हरौ हमारी।। [90]

"*Madhukar!* What do you wish to teach us?
These eyes are drenched in *rasa* of his Beauty.
They'll not be dissuaded by anyone else.
We don't understand the subtleties of Yoga,
Nor have we the knowledge of Brahman.
Our minds are tangled in the winsome Beauty
Of the charming image of youthful Mohan.
Its good, Uddhav, you have come o'er here,
Look upon our helpless plight
Show us the way of meeting our Lord,
Please remove our agonies" says Sur. [90]

जोग ठगौरी ब्रज न बिकहै।
मूरी के पातनि के बदलैं, को मुक्ताहल दैहै।।
यह ब्यौपार तुम्हारौ ऊधौ, ऐसैं ही धर्‌यौ रैहै।
जिन पै तैं लै आए ऊधौ, तिनहिं के फट समैहैं।।
दाख छांडि कैं कटुक निबौरी, को अपने मुख खैहै।
गुन करि मोही 'सूर' सांवरै, को निरगुन रिबैहै।। [91]

Deluding Yoga will not sell in *Braja.*
Who'll exchange precious pearls,
For the trivial raddish leaves!
Udho, this business of yours,
Will not flourish over here at all.
Take back your wares, return to them,
From whom you've bought them.
Who will give up the savory grapes,
To taste the bitter fruits of *neem?*
Charmed by the handsome form of Shyam,
Who will accept the formless? says Sur. [91]

ऊधौ मन नहिं हाथ हमारै।
रथ चढ़ाइ हरि संग गए लै, मथुरा जबहिं सिधारे।।
नातरु कहा जोग हम छांड़हि अति रुचि कै तुम ल्याए।
हम तौ झंखति स्याम की करनी, मन लै जोग पठाए।।
अजहूं मन अपनौ हम पावैं, तुम तैं होइ तो होइ।
'सूर' सपथ हमैं कोटि तिहारी, कही करैंगी सोइ।। [92]

Udho, our heart isn't in our control.
Hari took it away in the chariot with him,
When he went from here to Mathura.
Otherwise, why shouldn't it accept the Yoga,
Which you've so fondly brought for us.
We're decrying this unseemly, action of Shyam,
Taking away our heart, offering Yoga in exchange.
Kindly oblige us even now, you alone can do it.
So that we may get back our heart from him.
Sur says, we earnestly swear a million times
We'll do whatever you say in return! [92]

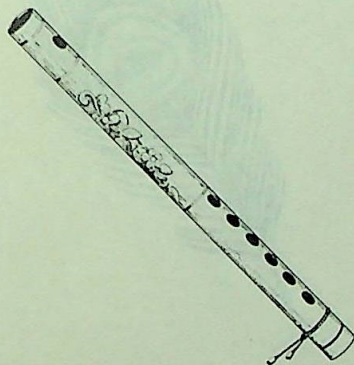
ऊधौ मन न भए दस बीस।
एक हुतौ सो गयौ स्याम संग, को अवराधै-ईस।।
इंद्री सिथिल भई केसव बिनु, ज्यौं देही बिनु सीस।
आसा लागि रहति तन स्वासा, जीवहिं कोटि बरीस।।
तुम तौ सखा स्याम सुंदर के, सकल जोग के ईस।
'सूर' हमारैं नंदनंदन बिनु, और नाहिं जगदीस।। [93]

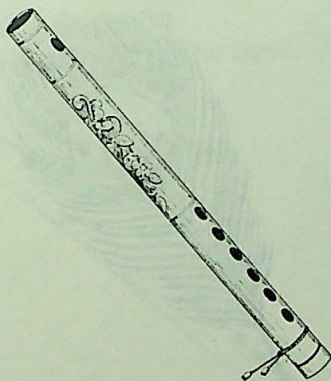
Udho, we don't have a dozen minds[1].
The one we had, has gone away · with *Shyam.*
Now who'll meditate on Brahman?
Without Krishna all our limbs are listless,
Like a body bereft of the head?
But hope still sustains our breath,
We're determined to live for countless ages,
You are a initimate friend of *Shyamasundar,*
The supreme Lord of all the Yogas.
We accept no other Lord of the world!
Other than our son of Nanda, says Sur. [93]

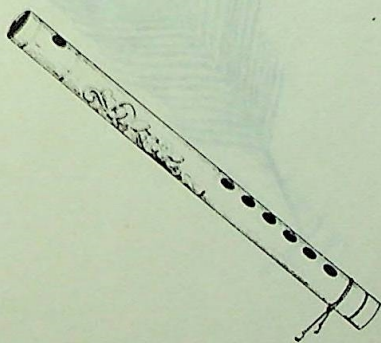
[1] **It can also be taken as 'hearts'.**

मन मैं रह्यौ नाहिंन ठौर।
नंदनंदन अछत कैसैं, आनियै उर और।।
चलत चितवत दिवस जागत स्वप्न सोवत राति।
हृदय तैं वह मदन मूरति, छिन न इत उत जाति।।
कहत कथा अनेक ऊधौ, लोक लोभ दिखाइ।
कह करौं मन प्रेमपूरन, घट न सिंधु समाइ।।
स्याम गात सरोज आनन, ललित मृदु मुख हास।
'सूर' इनकैं दरस कारन, मरत लोचन प्यास।। [94]

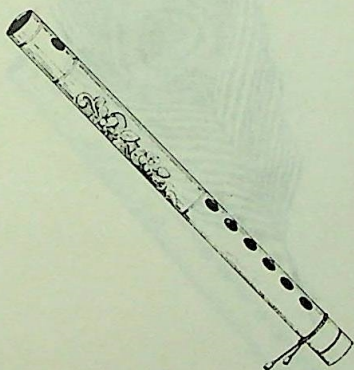
There's no space left in the heart.
The son of *Nanda* dwells over here,
How can anyone else intrude?
Seeing, walking, awake in the day,
Dreaming in sleep, in the night,
His enticing image within our heart,
Doesn't swerve even for a moment.
Many narrate fascinating stories, *Udho!*
Beguiling us by earthly allurements;
What can be done? Heart overflows with love;
The ocean can't be contained in a pitcher.
His azure limbs, his lotus-face,
His tender bewitching smile!
Oh! Our eyes are dying to behold.
Such a sublime sight, says Sur. [94]

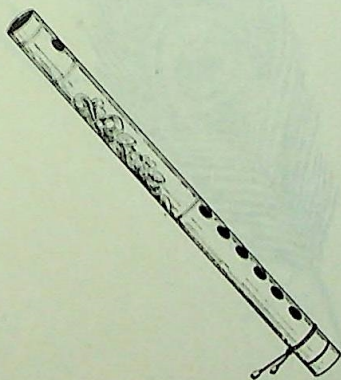
मधुकर स्याम हमारे चोर।
मन हरि लियौ तनक चितवनि मैं, चपल नैन की कोर।।
पकरे हुते हृदय उर अंतर, प्रेम प्रीति कै जोर।
गए छंड़ाइ तोरि सब बंधन, दै गए हंसनि अंकोर।।
चौंकि परीं जानत निसि बीती, दूत मिल्यौ इक भौंर।
'सूरदास' प्रभु सरबस लूट्यौ, नागर नवलकिसोर।। [95]

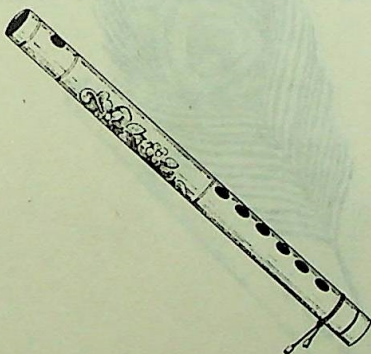
Madhukar, Shyam is a real thief.
He has absconded away with our hearts.
Just by the love-glances of his playful eyes.
We had held him in the recesses of our hearts,
Only by the strength of the strings of love.
He has snapped it away, all bonds as well,
Beguiling us all by his winsome smile.
Startled we wake up in the night,
Remain sleepless till morn, counting stars.
Surdas's Lord, has looted us outright
Oh! that wondrous young lad! [95]

मोहन मांग्यौ अपनौ रूप।
इहि ब्रज बसत अंचै तुम बैठीं, ता बिनु उहां निरूप।।
मेरौ मन, मेरे अलि लोचन, लै जु गए धपि धूप।
ता ऊपर तुम लैन पठाए, मनौ धर्‌यौ करि सूप।।
अपनौ काज संवारि 'सूर' सुनि, हमैं बतावत कूप।
लेवा देइ धराधरि मै है, कौन रंक को भूप।। [96]

Mohan has called for his form.
Here in *Braja* we have drunk his form.
So he has become formless there.
Friend, in the stark daylight he has
Absconded with my heart and eyes.
Still he has sent you for fetching his form,
As if with a winnowing basket in hand.
Slaking all his desires to the full,
Does he mean to push us into the well?
Every deal must be just and fair, says Sur
Regardless of a king or a commoner. [96]

उधौ कोकिल कूजत कानन।
तुम हमकौं उपदेस करत हौ, भस्म लगावन आनन।।
औरौ सिखी सखा संग लै लै, टेरत चढ़े पखानन।
बहुरौ आई पपीहा कैं मिस, मदन हनत निज बानन।।
हमतौ निपट अहीरि बावरी, जोग दीजिऐ जानन।
कहा कथत मासी के आगैं, जानत नानी नानन।।
तुम तौ हमैं सिखावन आए, जोग होइ निरवानन।
'सूर' मुक्ति कैसैं पूजति है, वा मुरली के तानन।। [97]

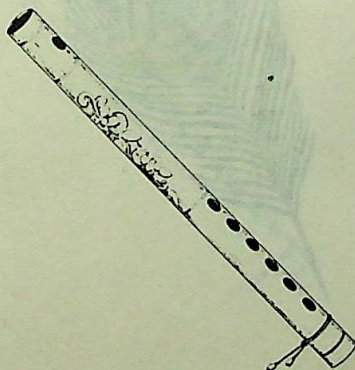
Uddhav, the cuckoo is cooling in the woods!
Yet you are advising us all
To smear our faces with ashes!
Peahens accompanied by their peacocks
Carol while climbing the mounts.
Madan feigning in the form of Papiha
Is wounding us all with his arrows.
We are love-lorn rustic peasants
Impart your yoga to the *jnanis.*
Its no use preaching sermons to us;
Its utterly beyond our comprehension.
You have verily come to teach us
Yoga imparts *nirvana.*
Sur asks, why worship salvation
Leaving the melodious tunes of the flute? [97]

मैं ब्रजवासिन की बलिहारी।
जिनके संग सदा क्रीड़त हैं, श्री गोबरधनधारी।।
किनहूं कैं घर माखन चोरत, किनहूं कै संग दानी।
किनहूं कैं संग धेनु चरावत, हरि की अकथ कहानी।।
किनहूं कैं संग जमुना कैं तट, बंसी टेरि सुनावत।
'सूरदास' बलि बलि चरननि की, यह सुख मोहि नितभावत्।। [98]

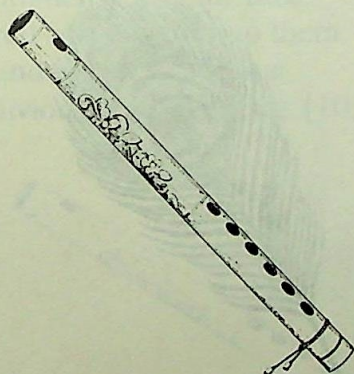
I'm enamoured of the people of *Braja*!
The Lord who lifted the *Govardhan* mount,
Is ever engaged in sporting with them.
He steals away from some houses
And gives it away to his waiting friends.
He ambles with the cowherds grazing the cows,
Ineffable indeed are the lores of Hari;
He plays his melodious flute to his chums,
Besides the bank of the Yamuna river.
Sur says, blessed indeed are his feet,
I am enthralled by this joy everyday. [98]

बिनु गुपाल बैरनि भई कुंजै।
तब वै लता लगति तन सीतल, अब भई विषम ज्वाल की पुंजैं।।
वृथा बहति जमुना, खग बोलत, वृथा कमल फूलनि अलि गुंजैं।
पवन, पान, घनसार, सजीवन, दधिसुत किरनि भानु भईं भुंजैं।।
यह ऊधौ कहियौ माधौ सौं, मदन मारि कीन्हीं हम लुंजैं।
'सूरदास' प्रभु तुम्हरे दरस कौं, मग जोवत अंखियाँ भई छुंजैं।। [99]

Without *Gopal* the arbours are desolate.
The creepers once so cool and soothing,
Are now blazing like flames of fire.
Vain is the flow of Yamuna, so the warble of birds.
In vain bloom lotuses with the buzzing of bees,
Breezes, waters, comphor, enlivening-herbs,
Moonbeams, all agonise like the scorching sun.
Uddav, please convey our woes to *Madhav*,
We have become listless, smitten by *Madan*.
Surdas says, Lord! in yearning for your darshan
Gazing at the road our eyes have turned stoney. [99]

ऊधौ इतनी कहियौ जाइ।
अति कृस गात भईं ये तुम बिनु, परम दुखारी गाइ।।
जल समूह बरषतिं दोउ अंखियां, हूंकति लीन्हैं नाउं।
जहां जहां गो दोहन कीन्हों, सूंघति सोई ठाउँ।।
परति पछार खाइ छिन ही छिन, अति आतुर ह्वै दीन।
मानहु 'सूर' काढ़ि डारी हैं, बारि मध्य तैं मीन।। [100]

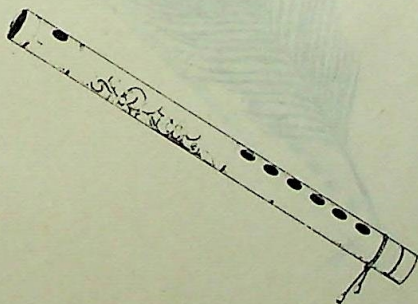
Udho, convey this message to *Madhav*.
Without you all the cows have become,
Extremely lean due to intense sorrow.
Their eyes are showering torrential tears,
They bellow in agony, on hearing your name.
Ah! The places where you had milked them,
Whenever they smell those spots,
They fall unconscious again and again,
Poor and helpless in deepest anguish.
Sur says, their writhing pain resembles,
The gasping fish forced out of water! [100]

अब अति चकितवंत मन मेरौ।
आयौ हो निरगुन उपदेसन, भयौ सगुन कौ चेरौ।।
जो मैं ज्ञान कह्यौ गीता कौ, तुमहिं न परस्यौ नेरौ।
अति अज्ञान कछु कहत न आवै, दूत भयौ हरि केरौ।।
निज जन जानि मानि जतननि तुम, कीन्हौ नेह घनेरौ।
'सूर' मधुप उठि चले मधुपुरी, बोरि जोग कौ बेरौ। [101]

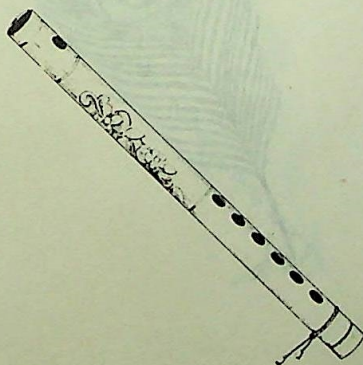
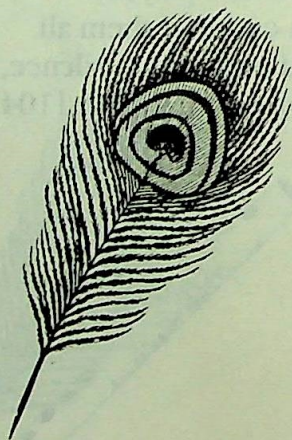
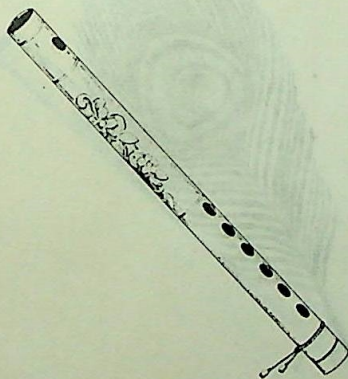
Udho tells Yashoda:

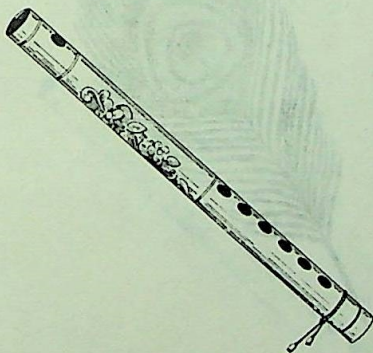
My heart is completely disillusioned now.
I had come to preach about the formless,
But now I've become the server of form.
I superficially talked about knowledge of the Gita,
It hasn't impressed you all, in the least.
Due to great ignorance, I didn't realise then,
I agreed to become the messenger of the Lord.
Oh Mother, consider me to be yours,
Give me your endearing affection.
Sur says, *Madhukar* then left for Mathura,
Drowning the fleet of boats of his yoga. [101]

सुनहु स्याम यह बात और कोउ क्यौं समुझाइ कहै।
दुहुं दिसि कौ अति बिरह बिरहिनी, कैस कैं जु सहै।।
जब राधा तबहीं मुख माधौ, माधौ रटत रहै।
जब माधौ ह्वै जात सकल तन, राधा बिरह दहै।।
उभै अग्र दव दारू कीट ज्यौं, सीतलताहिं चहै।
'सूरदास' अति बिकल बिरहिनी, कैसेंहु सुख न लहै।। [102]

Listen Shyam to this carefully,
Who else can truly explain!
How can the *virahini* ever endure
Such dual pangs of separation.
Wherever you observe *Radha*, you'll see
She is ever repeating "*Madhav*! *Madhav*!
Her entire being is now transmuted into *Madhav*.
She suffers the agony of Radha's *Viraha*,
Like a worm in the stump burning at both ends,
Still craving in vain for peace.
Sur says, *virahini* is so distraught,
She gets no joy any where! [102]

मैं समुझाई अति अपनौ सौ।
तदपि उन्हैं परतीति न उपजी, सबै लख्यौ सपनौ सौ।।
कहौं तुम्हारी सबै कही मैं, और कही कछु अपनी।
स्रवननि बचन सुनत भइ उनकैं, ज्यौं घृत नाऐं अगनी।।
कोऊ कही बनाइ पचासक, उनकी बात जु एक।
धन्य धन्य ब्रजनारि बापुरी, जिनकी और न टेक।।
देखत उमगयौ प्रेम इहां कौ धरै रहे सब ऊलौ।
'सूर' स्याम हौं रह्यौ थक्यौ सौ, ज्यों मृग चौका भूलौ।।[103]

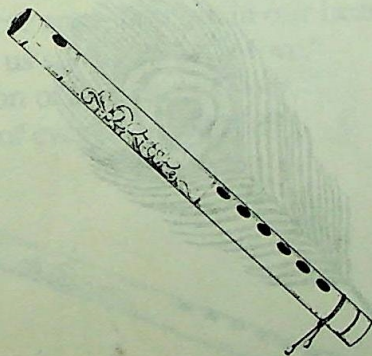
Udho reports to Krishna

I swear I tried to pursuade them a lot
Still they were not convinced at all.
Everything appeared like a dream to them.
I conveyed all that you asked me to say,
Adding a little advice of my own.
But my words only inflamed their ears,
Like fire flaring fiercer with butter.
I cited numerous examples to them
But their conviction remained unswayed.
Blessed are the devout women of *Braja*.
Blessed is their ardent faith, indeed.
I beheld their immense love for thee,
All else appeared as a phantom to them.
I was amazed and stunned, says Sur
Like a deer oblivious of its capering. [103]

ऊधौ मोहिं ब्रज बिसरत नाहीं।
हंससुता की सुंदर कगरी, अरु कुंजनि की छांहीं।।
वै सुरभी वै बच्छ दोहनी, खरिक दुहावन जाहीं।
ग्वालबाल मिलि करत कुलाहल नाचत गहि गहि बाहीं।।
यह मथुरा कंचन की नगरी, मनिमुक्ताहल जाहीं।
जबहिं सुरति आवति वा सुख की, जिय उमगत तन नाहीं।
अनगन भांति करी बहु लीला, जसुदा नंद निबाहीं।
'सूरदास' प्रभु रहे मौन ह्वै, यह कहि कहि पछिताहीं।। [104]

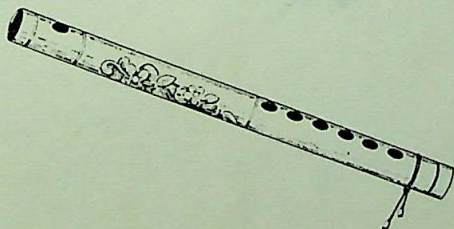
Udho, I'm unable to forget Braja.
The charming banks of the Yamuna river;
The soothing shades of luxuriant bowers,
The cows, their calves, the milking pails
The cow-sheds and milking of cows,
The elated cowherds, their hilarious roars,
Dancing, singing, arms entwined!
Though Mathura is a city of gold,
Studded with precious rubies and pearls,
Yet when'er I remember those happy days,
I am overwhelmed, lost in oblivion!
So many naughty pranks I played,
Yashoda and Nanda endured them all.
Surdas says the Lord brooded in silence,
Repeating these words in remorse. [104]

कबहुं सुधि करत गुपाल हमारी।
पूछत पिता नंद ऊधौ सौं, अरू जसुदा महतारी।।
बहुतै चूक परी जनजानत, कहा अबकैं पछिताने।
बासुदेव घर भीतर आए, मैं अहीर करि जाने।।
पहिलैं गर्ग कह्यौ हुतौ हमसौं, संग दुःख गयौ भूल।
'सूरदास' स्वामी के बिछुरैं, राति दिवस भयौ सूल।। [105]

"Does Gopal ever remember us?"
Father Nanda fondly asks Udho
And so his mother, Yashoda?
"All know we've seriously blundered.
Of what avail is repentence now?
Vasudev a graciously came to our house,
We took him as a common cowherd.
Though *Garga* had prophesied much in advance,
Yet in his company we forgot all sorrows!
Being separated from the Lord, says Sur
Days and nights are cleaving like thorns." [105]

राधा माधव भेंट भई।
राधा माधव, माधव राधा, कीट भृंग गति ह्वै जु गई।।
माधव राधा के रंग रांचे, राधा माधव रंग रई।
माधव राधा प्रीति निरंतर, रसना करि सो कहि न गई।।
बिहंसि कह्यौ हम तुम नहिं अंतर, यह कहिकै उन ब्रज पठई।
'सूरदास' प्रभु राधा माधव, ब्रज बिहार नित नई नई।। [106]

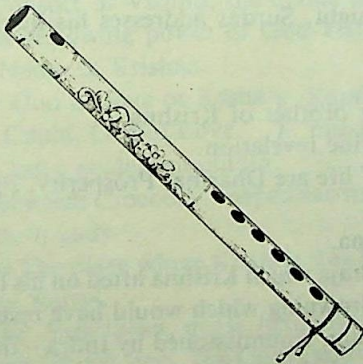
Radha and Madhav met together
Radha-Madhav! Madhav-Radha!
They are one like wasp and bee.
Madhav is imbued in the hue of Radha,
Radha is drenched in Madhav's hue.
Love of Madhav and Radha is eternal,
Ineffable is its enrapturing charm.
He smiled saying "we are inseperably one,"
So saying he bid her return to Braja.
Sur entreats, Lord Madhav and Radha,
Enact your ever new sport in Braja. [106]

ब्रजवासिनि सौं सबनि तैं ब्रज हित मेरैं।
तुमसौं नाहीं दूरि रहत हौं निपटहिं नैरैं।।
भजै मोहिं जो कोइ, भजौं मैं तेहिं ता भाई।
मुकुर माहिं ज्यौं रूप, आपनैं सम दरसाई।।
यह कहि कैं समदे सकल, नैन रहे जल छाइ।
'सूर' स्याम कौ प्रेम कछु, मो पै कह्यौ न जाइ।। [107]

Krishna speaks to *Brajavasis*, people of *Braja*.

I swear by *Brajavasins*,
My welfare is entirely in *Braja*.
I am not far away from you in any way,
I reside in your very close vicinity.
Whosoever worships me sincerely
I also worship him in a similar way.
It is indeed like the mirror reflecting,
Your very own image when you look at it.
So saying he met all with endearing affection,
His eyes were clouded with mist of tears.
Sur says such sublime love of Shyam
Is ineffable, I am unable to express. [107]

हम तौं इतनै ही सचु पायौ।
सुंदर स्याम कमल-दल-लोचन, बहुरौ दरस दिखायौ।।
कहा भयौ जो लोग कहत हैं, कान्ह द्वारिका छायौ।
सुनिकै बिरह दसा गोकुल की, अति आतुर ह्वै धायौ।।
रजक धेनु गज कंस मारि कै, कीन्हौ जन कौ भायौ।
महाराज ह्वै मातु पिता मिलि, तऊ न ब्रज बिसरायौ।।
गोपी गोपअरु नंद चले मिलि, प्रेम समुद्र चढ़ायौ।
अपने बाल गुपाल निरखि मुख, नैननि नीर बहायौ।।
जद्यपि हम सकुचे जिय अपनैं, हरि हित अधिक जनायौ।
वैसेइ 'सूर' बहुरि नंदनंदन, घर घर माखन खायौ।। [108]

People of Braja reply in response

"We have received such rapturous bliss!
Handsome Shyam with lotus-like eyes,
Has given us his darshan once again.
What does it matter if people wantonly gossip?
Kanha is now enamoured of *Dwarka* alone.
On hearing of Gokul's plight due to *Viraha*,
He has rushed over here, overwhelmed in sorrow.
Slaying Rajaka, demon-bull, elephant and Kamsa,
He redeemed his people, won their hearts.
Becoming a King, meeting his mother and father
Still he has never been oblivious of Braja.
Gopis, gops and Nanda returned meeting him
Swelling up the eddying ocean of love.
Seeing the face of our dear child Krishna,
Our eyes are streaming with tears.
Though we were apprehensive in our hearts,
Hari has given us such abundant love."
Sur says, the son of Nanda as of yore,
Tasted butter of every home. [108]

भरोसो दृढ़ इन चरननि केरो।
श्री बल्लभ नख चंद्र छटा बिन, सब जग मांझ अंधेरो।
साधन और नाहीं या कलि मे, जासो होत निबेरो।
'सूर' कहा कहै द्विविध आंधरो, बिना मोल को चेरौ।। [109]

I've ardent faith in these feet.
Without moon-like lustre of *Sri Ballabh's* toe-nails,
The whole world is enwrapped in darkness.
There is no other resort in this age of *Kali*,
Which can surely grant redemption.
Sur says, Lord, I am blind two-fold,
I'm a humble server of yours. [109]

GLOSSARY

Āchman: Sipping of water after meals.
Agha: Demon sent by Kansa to kill Krishna.
Ananga: Cupid, God of love.
Baka: Demon in the form of a crane sent by Kansa to kill Krishna.
Balarām: Elder brother of Krishna.
Brahmā: The creative aspect of Supreme God.
Brahman: Supreme Godhead.
Brishabhānu: Father of Radha.
Braja: Vrindavan
Chātaka: A mythical bird which drinks only that water, which falls directly from the clouds.
Chakai: A bird that unites with the beloved during day and is condemned to separate during the night. Surdas addresses his intelligence as Chakai.
Chandan: Sandal-wood paste.
Dāu: Name of Balaram, elder brother of Krishna.
Darshan: A holy sight, or divine revelation.
Four-fruits: The four ideals of life are Dharma, Prosperity, Procreation and Redemption.
Garga: Family Guru of Krishna.
Govardhan: The mountain in Braja which Krishna lifted on his little finger and saved people from drowning which would have resulted from the heavydown pour of rain, commissioned by Indra – the Lord of rain. He is also the king of the Gods.
Gopāl: Name of Krishna – one who looks after cows.
Gokul: The place where Krishna lived.
Gopis: Cowherd-maids of Vrindavan. Friends of Krishna in his childhood i.e. before he left for Mathura, at the age of ten.
Gvālbāl: Cowherd friends of Krishna.
Ghanshyam: Name of Krishna – one whose complexion is as dark as a nimbus cloud.

Holi: Spring festival of great rejoicing celebrated in February amidst sprinkling of coloured water.
Hari: Supreme God – another name of Krishna.
Indra: The ruler of the gods – a Vedic God.
Jnanis: Scholars or men of knowledge and God realisation.
Kubja: The ugly flower-woman of Kansa and devotee of Krishna.
Kāma: God of love or Cupid, Eros.
Kadamba: A tree of fragrant flowers.
Kansa: Maternal uncle of Krishna, who wanted to kill him.
Kāliya: A several headed poisonous serpent, who lived in the Yamuna river.
Kusa and Kaunsa: Kinds of grass.
Kubera: God of wealth.
Kanāi: Krishna's pet name.
Kānhā: Name of Krishna.
Kanchuki: A blouse open at the back and tied by strings.
Kumkum: Vermillian-colour powder.
Khanjan: A small bird with very beautiful eyes.
Kāmadhenu: A wish-granting cow, in the abode of Indra.
Kāshi: Benaras. (now Varanasi)
Kāli: The stage of strife and struggle.
Kāli: The dark-complexioned consort of Shiva, the destroyer.
Laxmi: Consort of Vishnu, the divine Lord. Laxmi is creative and the bliss-bestowing power of God-Vishnu. Goddess of prosperity.
Mohan: Name of Krishna.
Madana: God of love or Kāma }
Manoja: Cupid, God of Love. } Kāma : he is bodiless, dwelling in the mind and heart of all living creatures.
Meru: A lofty golden mountain.
Makara-Shaped: Crocodile-Shaped ear-rings, broad in the middle tapering at both ends.
Mathurā: The place where Krishna was born. Its throne was usurped by King Kansa.
Madhuvan: Vrindavan, dense luxuriant forest.
Madhukar: Honey-Bee. The Gopis address Udho as Madhukar because of his dark complexion.
Madhupuri: Mathura
Māyā: An illusionary power which makes things appear other than what they are. It makes the infinite appear as finite or unity as multiplicity – the manifesting power of Brahman.
Mādhav, Madho: Name of Krishna.
Manmohan: Name of lord Krishna.

Mridanga: A horizontal drum.
Mantrās: Holy words of spiritual intent.
Neem: A big green tree the leaves and fruits of which are bitter but have great medicinal value.
Nanda: Husband of Yashodha, foster father of Krishna.
Nand Bābā: Nanda.
Nagin: Female serpent, said to be more poisonous than the male serpent.
Nirvāṇa: Salvation.
Nirguṇa: God without form or formless divinity.
Nandlāl: Name of Krishna – son of Nanda.
Pāras: A mythical stone that turns iron into gold with its mere touch.
Parrot: Sur addresses his Atman or Soul as Parrot or *Shuka*.
Putana: A demon sent by Kansa to kill Krishna the child. She gave him suck after smearing poison on her breasts. But Krishna killed her by sucking.
Para Brahma: The Supreme Godhead.
Papihā: A beautiful small golden yellow bird, which sings in extremely sweet notes.
Rādhā: Intimate friend and beloved of Krishna.
Rāsa: A group dance in which participants stand and dance in a circle or *mandala*.
Rajaka: The washerman of Kansa.
Surabhi: Pet cow of Krishna.
Sanaka: The premordial saint.
Shyām: Krishna – one who has dark complexion.
Shyāmā: Radha.
Shridāmā: Intimate friend of Krishna.
Sumeru: The beautiful golden mountain Meru.
Shyāmsundar: Handsome Krishna with a dark complexion.
Swati-drops: The rain-drops falling from the cloud which the bird Chatak drinks directly as they fall.
Saguna: God with form.
Shiva: The supreme God of the Hindu Trinity, who annihilates. He is supreme time or Mahakāla.
Sakhi: Friend.
Samadhi: A state of union with God.
Son of Nanda: Krishna.
Tāl and Tamāl: Tall luxurious trees
Trina: Demon sent by Kansa to kill Krishna.

Tilak: A mark on the forehead of a devotee. It may be of vermillian, saffron or sandal paste.

Udho and Uddhav: Friend and minister of Krishna.

Varanasi: Is a place of Pilgrimage and the seat of learning. It is also called Benaras.

Vedās: Four sacred books of the Hindus: Rig, Sama, Yajur and Atharva.

Vaidya: A doctor practising the Ayurveda system of medicine.

Vāsudeva: Son of Vasudeo, a name for Lord Krishna.

Viraha: Separation from beloved.

Virahini: A love-lorn woman separated from her beloved.

Vedic: Pertaining to the Vedas.

Vanshivat: The Banian tree under which Krishna played on his flute.

Vrindāvan: The grove and woods where Krishna played with his chums in childhood.

Yamunā: The sacred river, a tributory of the Ganges.

Yashoda: Wife of Nanda, she nourished and mothered Krishna in his childhood i.e. before he left for Mathura.

Yama: The god of Death giving rewards and punishments according to Karma or deeds.

Yadavās: The people of Krishna's family, lineage.

Yantras: Mystic diagrams of spiritual significance.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

पदों की प्रथम पंक्ति